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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 120.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 21, 1906 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Keturah Colling*

Mrs. Lionel Dugdale, of Crathorne Hall, Yarm, Yorkshire

Mrs. Dugdale is prominent among North Country hostesses, particulars of whom will be found on page 572

No 120.—Vol. IX.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Land of Nison." By C. Regnas. (C. W. Daniel: 6*s.*)
"Durham Farm." By C. C. Yeldham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Giant Circumstance." By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"Miriam Lemaire." By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Cassell: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Ancient Grudge." By Arthur Stanwood Pier. (Dean and Sons: 6*s.*)
"The Legend of St. Mark." By John Byles. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Correct Bridge." By Henry A. Agacy. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2*s.* net.)
"Chavasse's Advice to a Mother." By T. D. Lister. (J. and A. Churchill: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"Old English Plate." By W. J. Cribbs. (John Murray: 21*s.* net.)
"Prince Charlie." By Burford Delannoy. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Preposterous Will." By L. G. Mobberly. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Hauntings." By Vernon Lee. (John Lane: 3*s.* net.)
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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
March 21, 1906

Count Witte has only resigned three times during the past week and twice in the week previous.

* * *

A country paper complains that there are too many shooting agents. The remedy is obvious—shooting agents.

* * *

The Ameer of Afghanistan has instituted a new order for women, whereby ladies will be referred to as "aunt to the Ameer." The new order has not been extended to the male sex, we presume, as the title of "uncle to the Ameer" might be liable to be misunderstood.

* * *

It appears that the recreation of top-spinning is becoming more and more popular with girls. But there is nothing remarkable in this. Women, nowadays, are never happy unless they are at the top.

* * *

The Bishop of London, at the annual meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, thanked the publishers for sending him books, and only regretted that he had no time to read them. Which recalls Mr. Disraeli's method of thanking authors who sent him copies of their works: "Dear Sir,—I am obliged for your book, which I shall *lose no time in reading*."

* * *

For the second time, as the result of an affront put upon the reporters who came to the meeting, the proceedings of the North Riding Education Committee have gone unreported. Unless we are mistaken, however, the country will not long tolerate the deprivation which it suffers by being kept in ignorance of the speeches made at the meetings of the North Riding Education Committee.

Big Ben stopped the other evening for the first time in two years. The occasion was that of the second night of the Fiscal debate, and it is now thought that the clock's stoppage was intended by it as a vote of censure on the waste of time of which the House was guilty.

* * *

The system on the "Bakerloo" tube, by which passengers are to recognise each station by its distinctive colour, instead of by hearing its name called out, is not, after all, much of a change—merely the substitution of a hue for a cry.

* * *

An interesting collection might be made of the things which have been held by the Courts of Law, from time to time, not to be "personal luggage," so as to entitle the owners thereof, when travelling by train, to have them conveyed free of charge in the luggage van. They include such harmless, but necessary, adjuncts of civilisation as rocking-horses, sewing machines, perambulators, ice-cream barrows, and bicycles, and the latest addition to the list is that spirit-stirring instrument of music known as the double-bass. It would seem that the railway companies have hitherto exercised a sort of benevolent forbearance towards musicians, for until the other day, when the question of the double-bass was raised in the Southwark County Court, there was no reported decision as to whether a musical instrument of any kind is "personal luggage" or not; and even in this case the action was doubtless brought with a view to defining, rather than enforcing, the rights of railway companies. At any rate, Judge Addison's decision does away with the possibility of some enterprising passenger coming along one fine day with a grand piano and claiming to have it carried in the van free of charge.

A little stranger

IRATE CONDUCTOR: "What the blazes, sir, d'you mean by making that infernal din?"

TROMBONIST *(from the 'atherland)*: "Bardon, mein herr! Dot vos all a bistake! Ein leedle fly vos sit 'imself on der music, and I tink 'e vos B flat"

Small-Talk in the Ball-room

LADY HASLEMERE: I have seen some social transformations, but none more complete than hers. Her self-possession is marvellous.

MRS. LYNXI: Matrimony occasionally justifies itself.

LADY H.: There is no doubt that marriages made in London are wonderfully in advance of those made in Heaven.

MRS. L.: Don't you think her dress is, well—you know what I mean——?

LADY H.: Now that you mention it, I do. Such a mistake. As I always say, a little immodesty is such a dangerous thing.

MRS. L. (*after an eloquent silence*): Who is that apparition in scarlet, whose gloves so unpleasantly indicate the warmth of her feelings.

LADY H. (*raising her gold lorgnette*): That is quite the latest quotation from the money market. I met her at the Hallidays.

MRS. L. (*feelingly*): The poor thing looks as if she was suffering from an attack of *mal de mer*, she is so distressingly yellow.

LADY H.: On the contrary, I hear she is a victim to *mal de mari*, a much more hopeless complaint.

[*A pause.*

MRS. L.: Was the Hallidays' affair a success?

LADY H.: Oh, yes. The rooms looked quite charming, filled with azaleas and marriageable men. She is a clever woman, hampered as she is with such a variety of unprofitable daughters.

MRS. L.: She always depresses me; she always looks so sad.

LADY H.: My dear, how could you expect her to look otherwise—why there are six of them.

MRS. L. (*suppressing a yawn*): Shall we go to the music-room for a change?

LADY H.: Not if they are playing Wagner. I am not strong, as you know, dear.

MRS. L. (*reassuringly*): You needn't listen. I never do. I find it the only way to understand classical music.

LADY H. (*hesitatingly*): I think, if you don't mind, I prefer the supper-room; I never eat anything, of course——

MRS. L. (*hastily*): Neither do I——

LADY H.: But somehow it seems to me that it is better form.

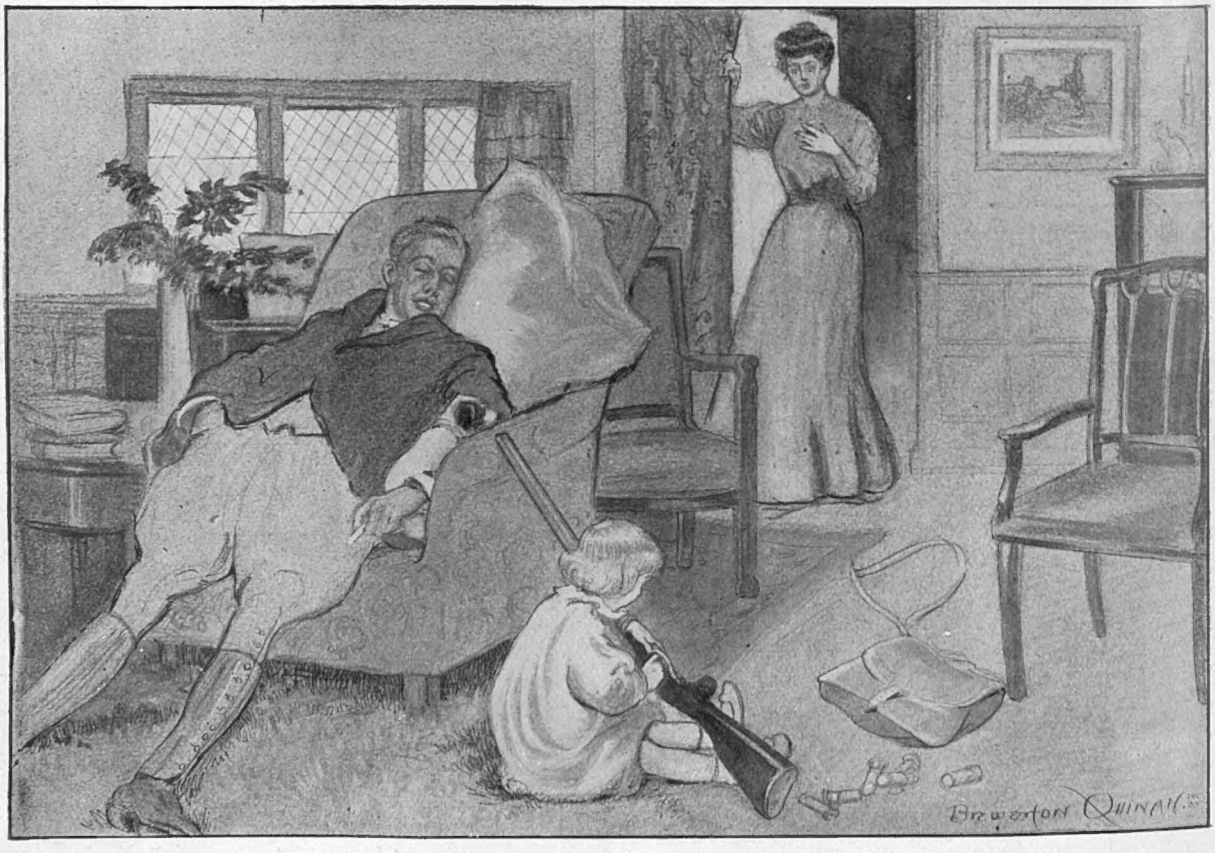
MRS. L.: I think, perhaps, you're right.

* * *

£300 a Year

Should all M.P.'s be paid? Oh, yes,
By all means let them be
Remunerated for the thought
They give to you and me.
Here is a new vocation for "Our Boys," at any rate,
Who cannot pass exams. and who refuse to emigrate.

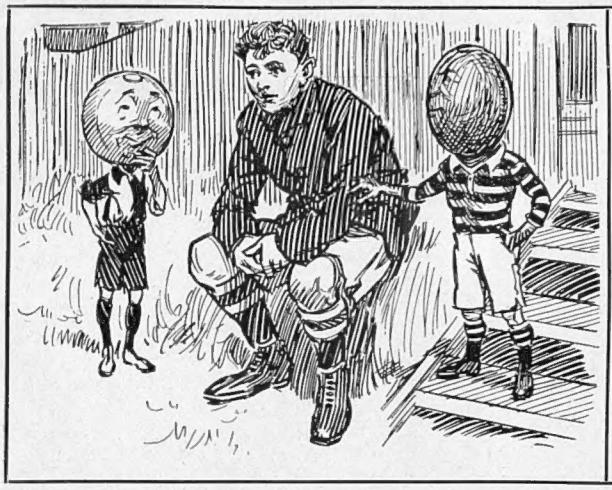
Electors, if not satisfied,
Can have their money back,
With power to give the Honourable
Gentleman the "sack."
In spite of all those arguments put forth by Mr. Burns, it
Behoves each place that pays his screw to see their
Member *earns* it.



His way of looking at it

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "Oh! do take care, John, or baby will fire off that cartridge!"
FOND FATHER (*drowsily*): "Awri', m'dear. Don't matter if he does. There's plenty more of 'em"

The Topictator

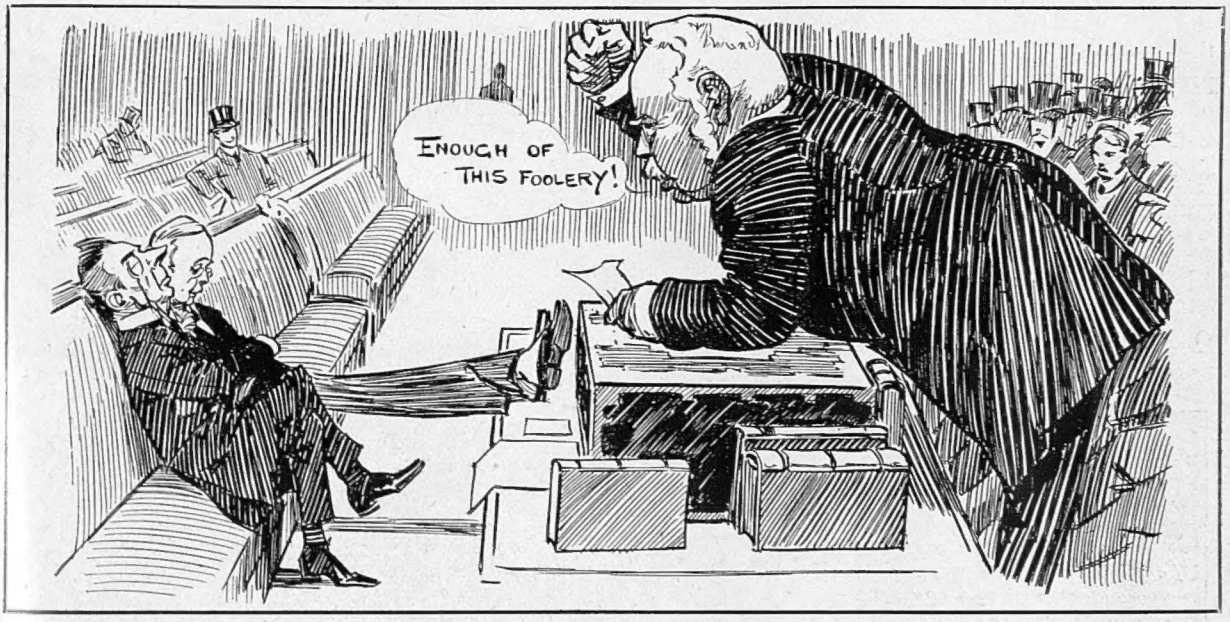


(*The Rugger and the Soccer ball are fighting for the schools*)

THE RUGGER BALL: "Use your own judgment, my boy—I can trust you"

(*By coming forward as an Independent Liberal candidate for Basingstoke, Mr. Polden practically gave the seat to the Unionists*)

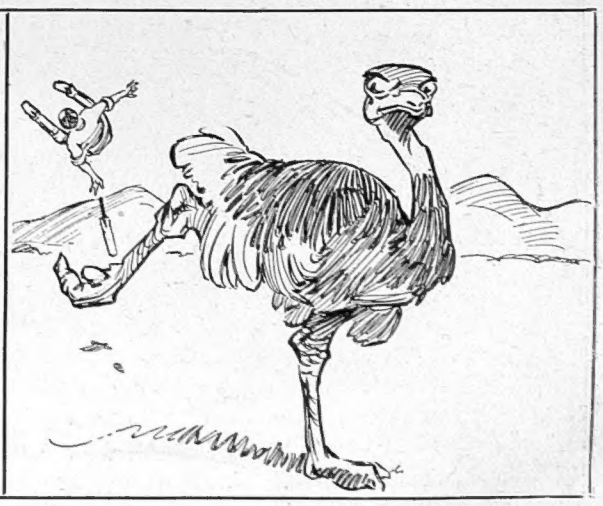
"I did it with my little hatchet"



"O! it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."—*Measure for Measure.*

(*A contemporary points out that at billiards one can think out a speech, a sermon, or a bon mot, while seemingly engrossed in a break*)

There *are* occasions when a *bon mot* would be useful



(*The M.C.C. have been badly beaten in their three test matches in South Africa*)

THE OSTRICH: "Bah! Go home! And another time don't insult me by sending out a second-rate team"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Mr. Eckstein and the "Randlords' Banquet"

In the last issue of THE BYSTANDER, in the course of some allusions to the Rand Magnates' Banquet to Mr. Harry Barnato at the New Gaiety, the following remarks were used :—

> The picture of Eckstein at the Gaiety consuming hock at 30*s*. a bottle and brandy at 3*s*. the liqueur glass is a little nauseating. . . . Chops, cheese, and ale at a cheap restaurant would have been more in keeping with the alleged state of the Eckstein finances.

And under a photograph appeared the title, "Mimic Boers and Kaffirs on guard while 'Eckstein' eats." In connection with these matters, I have received a letter from Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward, and Hawksley, on behalf of a Mr. Eckstein, in which they state that their client "was not present at the dinner, and knew nothing about it."

As a matter of fact, in using the phrase "Eckstein," there was no intention whatever to allude personally to any Mr. Eckstein, the expression being intended merely to personify the "Rand Magnate," in which connection it has long been in popular use.

I am glad to give publicity to the statement that the Mr. Eckstein who has thus complained, was not present at the dinner, though I fail to see how any of my readers can have inferred from the letterpress that such was the case. I greatly regret, however, that the gentleman in question should have thought that, in using the name "Eckstein," I had any intention of referring to him.

Continental Manners

The photograph of King Alfonso taking leave of Queen Amelia, after the visit to Madrid of their Majesties the King and Queen of Portugal, points a difference between English and foreign customs. On the Continent, leave is taken of a married lady by kissing her hand. Englishmen abroad, of course, adopt this graceful courtesy, but they seldom acquire the grand manner of kissing the hand which distinguishes the foreigner. They are apt to seize the hand of their fair visitor and bring it to their lips, whereas, the correct manner is to incline the lips to the hand, a distinction with a fine shade of difference to those accustomed to regard courtliness as a fine art.

* * *

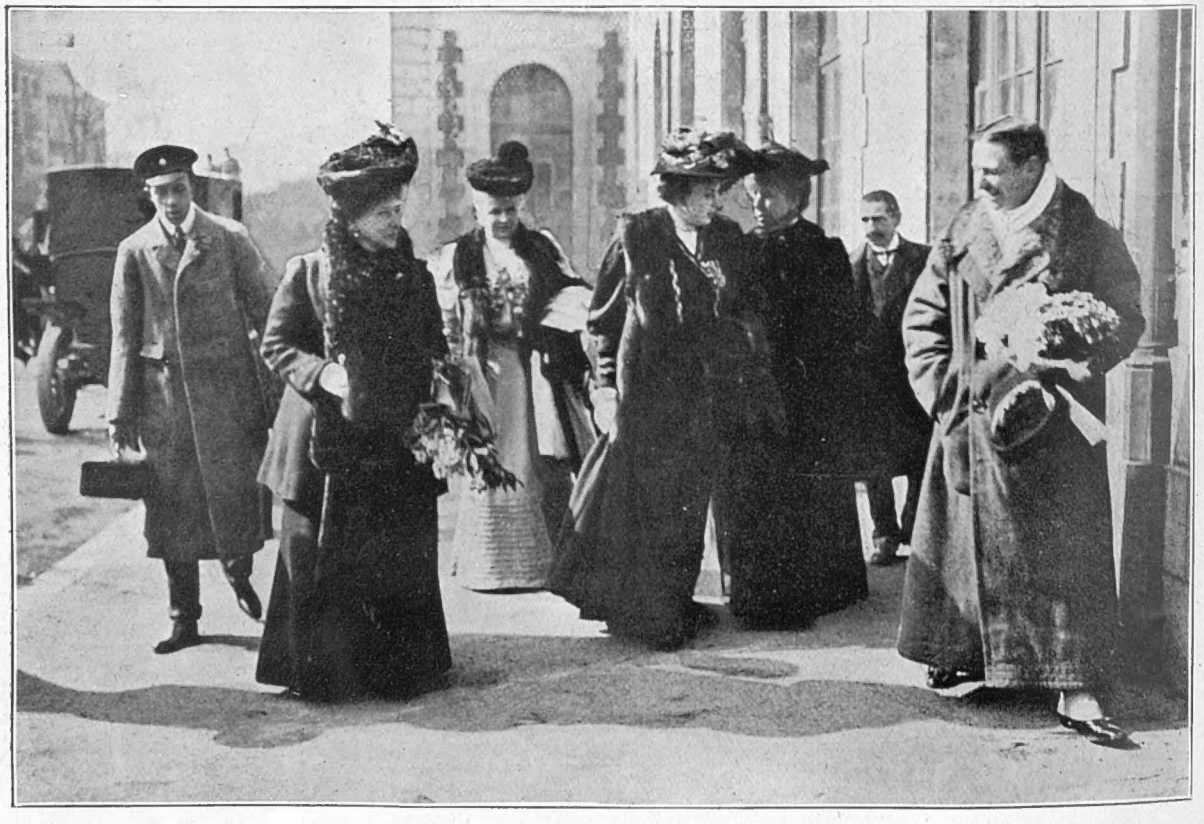
A provincial paper reports a Conservative dinner at Rothwell, at which the chairman made the following brilliant suggestion :—

> If the young men would all make up their minds to marry only Conservative girls, and the girls to marry only Conservative men, then in a short time the Conservatives would flourish in Rothwell.

I know, of course, that every child, according to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is born either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, but is it certain that acquired characteristics can be transmitted? Would the issue of these unions be a pure Conservative strain? I wonder.

* * *

An Antrim farmer, by name Randal McMurtry, has just had to pay £150 for jilting an Irish lassie. She was all right, but she would not talk. She could and would be silent for two hours at a stretch. The young woman's address is being eagerly inquired for by sundry people, who feel that Mr. McMurtry has lightly flung away a treasure.



King Alfonso, Princess Beatrice, Princess Ena, and the Queen-Mother, at the station of Hendaye

Courtliness on the Continent

King Alfonso takes leave of Queen Amelia

Madrid was *en fête* for the visit of their Majesties the King and Queen of Portugal to King Alfonso. Besides gala performances at the Royal Theatre, palace and diplomatic receptions, etc., there was a pigeon shooting match in the Casa de Campo, the first prize being won, as may well be imagined—considering his skill as a shot—by the Portuguese Sovereign. Our photograph shows the Spanish King taking leave of Queen Amelia in graceful Continental fashion—so different from our rough island custom, the vigorous hand-shake.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The 3s. Pit Agitation

A pretty little breeze has sprung up out of Mr. George Alexander's action in raising the price of the pit at the St. James's Theatre to three shillings. Sixpence is not a great sum to quarrel over, but, like Hampden's twenty shillings, it is sufficiently large to stir up controversy, in which big words, like principle, prerogative, and responsibility, are bandied about. At first blush it seems a little hard that a manager should not make up in the fat season some of the losses he has sustained in the lean. On every side we hear laments upon bad times and the unprofitable game of theatre running. A manager who has been through these perilous times, and has landed a rich cargo such as *His House in Order* into a fair haven, is but human after all if he incline his ear to the voice of the tempter urging him to take advantage of his temporary hold over the laws of supply and demand. But if he be a wise man he will beware of getting rid of this temptation by giving way to it. For if there is one thing difficult to forgive in one's fellows it is hard dealing borne of prosperity. One cannot stifle the feeling that prosperous circumstances should incline a man to charity rather than to insistence upon his rights. I do not mean that Mr. Alexander, having landed the winner of the season, should thereby lower his pit prices, but he might certainly say to himself, "I am very glad that my pit and gallery patrons are having such good value for their money." For, Mr. Alexander consider for a moment the graduated scale of admission; it is a two-edged weapon. Mr. Pinero's play may be worth the outlay of three shillings or even more. But the public have had to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* even at the St. James's Theatre for admission to plays which, to put it bluntly, were not worth paying twopence to see.

* * *

It having been stated that the latest cure for reducing stout people to slimmer proportions is by means of a cheese diet, we now learn that a large number of new cheese jokes, based on this statement, are at present in course of construction, and will be submitted to the editors of the London papers at an early date.

* * *

Mrs Boyce, letter-carrier at Pullham St. Mary, Norfolk, has, it appears, walked 85,000 miles in the course of her duties. It has been said that a miss is as good as a mile, but it would appear that a "Mrs." is equal to a good many more. However, girls who become Boyce may expect to acquire something of masculine strength.

* * *

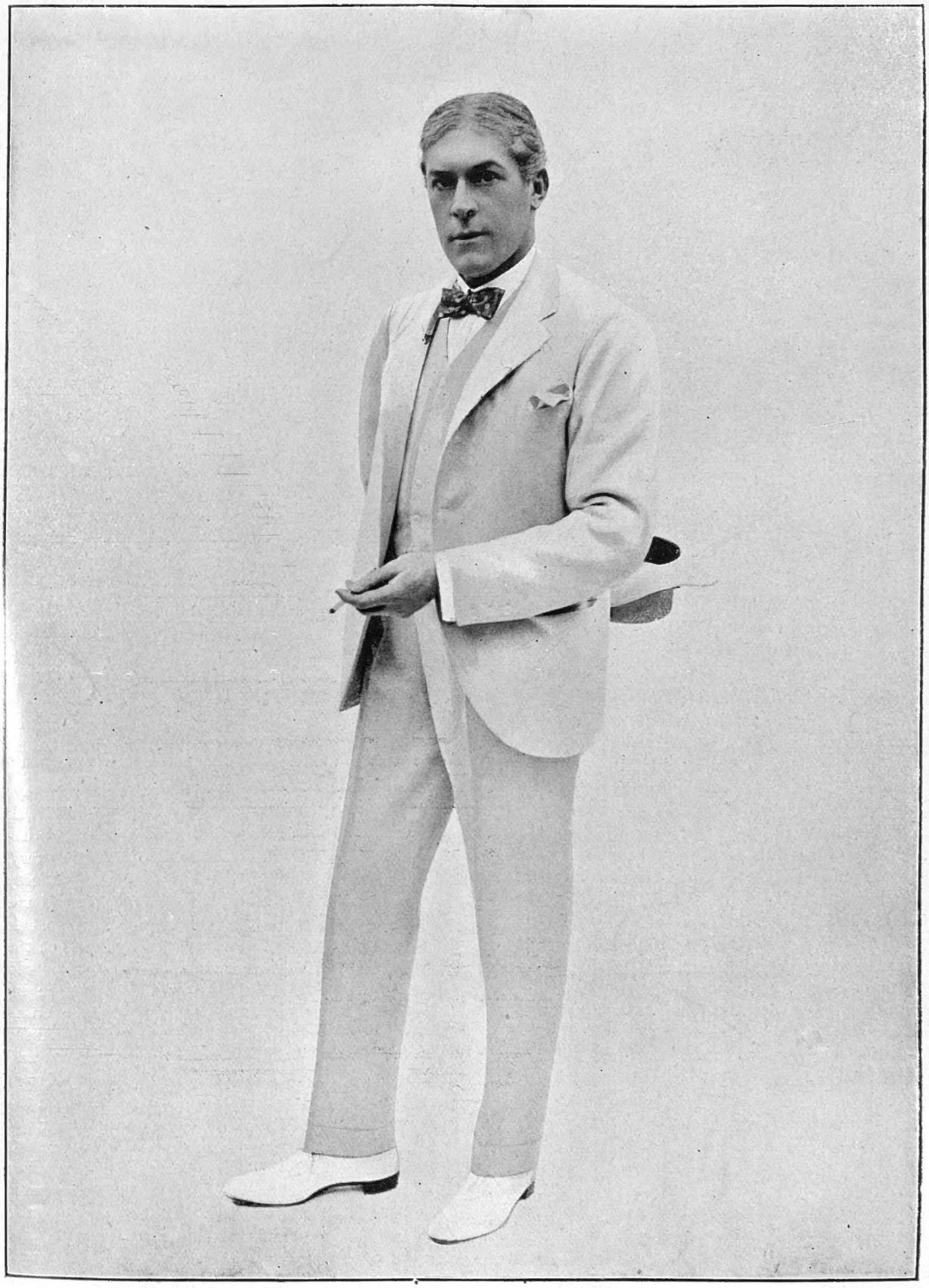
Sir R. Melvill Beachcroft, who, at the meeting of the Women's Local Government Society, said, "I have always wanted to work shoulder to shoulder with my wife, who is—a better man than I am!" has evidently been reading Otto Weininger's famous book on "Sex." Dr. Weininger is of opinion that some men are really women, and that some women are men—in fact, that there is really no difference. For all practical purposes, however, it is considered as well to adhere to the old-fashioned classification.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Dinner scene from "The Man from Blankley's," which will be revived at the Haymarket next Saturday

Miss Fanny Brough is at the head of the table. On her right and left, respectively, are Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Henry Kemble. Two places from Mr. Hawtrey is Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald

Raised Prices—and a Breeze



An excellent portrait of Mr. George Alexander

The popular manager of the St. James's Theatre, where *His House in Order* is having such a successful run, is rather at loggerheads with a section of his public owing to his action in raising the price of the pit to 3*s*. The views of THE BYSTANDER upon this point will be found on the previous page

ROUND THE TOWN

Society's "Passions"

Dr. Emil Reich is still lecturing to duchesses and others on the philosophy of Plato. The subject for discussion at his last lecture, on Thursday, was "The Passions." According to the very learned doctor, there are only three grand passions, viz., drink, avarice, and love. The first he dismisses airily as simply the outcome of the want of amusement prevalent in England and America. As for "Platonic Love," he disputed the usual interpretation of that phrase, wrongly saddled on the Greek philosopher. Love, he declared, spells beauty. In America, where men and women marry for love, a beautiful race has resulted; in France, where *l'amour* is positively shocking in connection with marriage, a plain race has most surely resulted.

* * *

Whatever his opinions on Plato are worth, Dr. Reich, as the apostle *par excellence* of snobbism, is well worth hearing. Like the unphilosophic Miss Connie Ediss, he "loves Society," and devotes quite a good part of all his lectures to jeering, for the benefit of his aristocratic audience, at the middle-classes. On Thursday he declared, to the delight of the aforesaid audience, that the only "tolerable" classes in this country were the highest and lowest, with both of which, says the doctor, who ought to know, he found it possible to be on very good terms. I trust the duchesses and others were flattered.

* * *

The Return of the Prince and Princess of Wales

Hostesses and débutantes alike are looking forward to the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales as the signal for the real beginning of the season. Various reasons have contributed towards making the beginning of the present season one of the dullest on record. The trend of politics induced most of the Conservative hostesses to seize the opportunity to spend these early weeks of the year in the South enjoying themselves there rather than in town entertaining for the good of their sadly afflicted cause. The death of the Queen's father has caused Her Majesty to postpone all Royal functions and to live in complete retirement, and the departure of the King for that favourite watering-place of Royalty—Biarritz—has been the last straw on the bending back of the young season.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Dickens, K.C., son of the novelist

Counsel for defendants, Oetzmann and Co., in the amazing hire-furnishing case which has just finished a long run at the Law Courts

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Dr. Emil Reich

Who has been edifying audiences at Claridge's with lectures upon the doctrines of Plato, interspersed with honeyed remarks upon the members of the audience

* * *

King Edward and the Kaiser

In spite of the plethora of rumours and surmises as to an early meeting between the King and the Kaiser, it now appears that the two monarchs will not meet until September, when the King proposes to attend the autumn manœuvres in Silesia. Like his mother, Queen Victoria, the King rather objects than otherwise to Germany from a political point of view, but he is always on the best of terms with his German relatives, and, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, there is nothing but friendly feeling between himself and the Kaiser at the present time. It was not so very long ago that the King sent his nephew a fine old sword as a present, with the inscription, "From your affectionate Uncle," inscribed on the handle. Sometimes gifts of cigars and cigarettes pass between King, Kaiser, and Tsar. The King, the Prince of Wales, and the Tsar, get through quantities of cigarettes, but the Kaiser seldom smokes anything but a cigar. The popular idea is that he smokes the choicest Havanas procurable, but, as a matter of fact, like most Germans, the Kaiser's tastes in this direction really cannot be called extravagant. He usually smokes a small one, costing about twenty pfennigs!

Accidents in the Hunting Field

If Not Yourself, Who Would You Be?

The vexed subject of the King's and Kaiser's relations reminds me that at a dinner given a little while back to King Edward by some intimate friends of his, the conversation turned on the question of, "If not yourself, who would you be?" "Ask *me* the question," laughed the King, and, in reply to the lady who put it to him, he answered promptly, "Why, my nephew, the Kaiser, of course!"

* * *

Grand-Ducal Poverty

The financial embarrassments of different scions of the Royal houses of Austria and Germany suggest a new opening for the munificence of Mr. Carnegie, whose latest lament, in print, is that no one can know as he does how trifling are the advantages of wealth. As this pathetic remark seems to point to the possibility that even the pleasures of endowing free libraries too freely may pall, I would remind the philanthropic millionaire that fresh woods and pastures new await him, and in high life too! In Germany, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has had to place his uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess Paul Friedrich of Mecklenburg, under guardianship, as they have shown themselves delightfully incapable of managing their own affairs. Both Duke and Duchess, who spend much of their time travelling, are as wildly extravagant as their very scanty fortune permits, and the Duke, who seems, for a German, to be wickedly independent, piles aggravation on aggravation by bringing up his children in the Roman Catholic faith, to which he was converted shortly after his wedding with a true daughter of Holy Church, a conversion which cost him his right of succession to the Grand Duchy.

In Austria, the Archduchess Clotilde declares herself completely ruined, and her son, the Archduke Joseph, finds himself quite unable to clear up his mother's financial troubles.

It really is a chance for Mr. Carnegie to earn the gratitude, not only of Germany and Austria, but of several small towns anxious *not* to have a free library!

King Edward, by the way, is a great admirer of the Austrian Kaiser. He looks upon him as the finest exemplar of a monarch living, and remarked on one occasion that he—Franz Josef—should serve as a fine example to himself.

Photo *Russell*

Lord Cholmondeley

Who recently broke one of his ribs as a result of a bad spill with the Quorn

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Southampton

Who recently had a bad fall in the hunting field

* * *

Ladies in the Hunting Field

Whether or not ladies in these days ride more recklessly to hounds than they did I do not know, but it is certain that the hunting field has had its full measure of accidents this year. Early in the season, the Duchess of Westminster had a nasty fall while hunting with the Cheshire pack, but luckily escaped without much more than a shaking. Lady Southampton and Mrs. Willie Lawson, however, were not so lucky. Lady Southampton has lately had a very bad spill indeed, and Mrs. Lawson broke her arm while out with the Quorn. With the same hounds, Lord Cholmondeley got a very bad fall, though he was up and about for some days before the Röntgen Rays brought to light the fact that he had broken one of his ribs. These people are, of course, old *habitués* of the hunting field, but, as a matter of fact, the prevailing idea that it is the thing to hunt, and that one is rather out of it if one does not, brings many people into the field who would, for the prevention of accidents' sake, be better out of it.

* * *

St. Patrick's Day: The Founder of the Cult of the Shamrock

The presence of the shamrock in the streets of

Preparing for St. "Pathrick's" Day

London last Saturday reminded one that to Lady Limerick may be ascribed the founding of that flourishing institution, the Shamrock League. It was during the dark days of the South African War that the happy thought occurred to her of filling boxes with native-grown shamrock and selling them at half a crown to five shillings apiece. The proceeds were devoted to the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association," and, as the idea caught on at once, a large sum was realised. Only last week, Queen Alexandra, who always sports her own particular shamrock bunch, sent to Lady Limerick for a large box, so that she might present a posy to each of the officers of the Irish Guards on St. Patrick's Day.

Before her marriage, Lady Limerick was Miss May Burke Irwin, the daughter of Mr. Burke Irwin of Drogheda. In an Irish way, she is very good looking, dark-haired, and with bluish-grey eyes put in with a dusty finger. As an amateur pianist she has no equal, not even Mrs. Clifford Cory. She studied under Paderewski when staying in Paris, and plays in a truly artistic and delightful fashion. When Queen Victoria was in Ireland, not so very long before her death, Lady Limerick paid her a daily visit, and played to her all the Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin morceaux that she loved.

* * *

An Aristocratic Liberal Hostess

A valuable addition to the list of Liberal hostesses is supplied in Lady Aline Beaumont, who, as the wife of Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, the Member for the Hexham Division of Northumberland, will entertain the Liberal Party at the house she has taken from Lord Northcote in St. James's Place, a house containing large reception rooms, and pre-eminently suited to political entertaining on a large scale. Lady Aline, of course, in marrying Mr. Beaumont, some sixteen years ago, went, politically, over to the enemy, her people—she is the only sister of Lord Londonderry—being all Conservatives. Lady Aline gives her first big party early in April, and in the country Mr. and Lady Aline Beaumont entertain and hunt from Bywell Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne; but they also have a place at Wakefield, where the Earl and Countess of Westmorland spend so much of their time.

* * *

Northern Homes

Lady Westmorland is one of the prettiest women of the day. She gives one, above all, the impression of brightness, an impression suggested as much by her manner as by her sparkling eyes, brilliant complexion, and bright brown hair. She dresses to perfection, and has mastered the difficult art of wearing frocks copied from the old masters, but very evidently made in Paris, and possessing none of the thrown-together appearance such garments too often have. Lady Westmorland has many hobbies—gardening, old furniture, fishing, riding (she is a fearless rider to hounds)—in fact, all those things the pursuit of which can only be successfully carried out in the country delight the Countess. Her gardens are a sight for "sair een," and she treasures amongst her possessions a wonderful old wooden bed, the head and foot of which are most beautifully carved in a design of cherubs' heads. She has three children—two boys and a girl—and their charms are of that cherubic quality which go far to excuse their mother's infatuation for them! Less intellectual than the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick, and less amusing, perhaps, than Lady Algy Gordon Lennox or Lady Angela Forbes, she is, however, the most artistically gifted of all Blanche, Lady Rosslyn's striking quintette of daughters.

The Countess of Limerick
The founder of the Shamrock League

Two other ladies who do much in the way of North Country entertaining are Lady Tankerville and Mrs. Lionel Dugdale, of Crathorne Hall, Yarm. Lady Tankerville is one of our many American peeresses, and her beautiful home, Chillingham Castle, is one of the most interesting places in the county. Of course, no mention of hospitality in the North can be made without including the names of Mrs. Arthur Wilson and Mrs. Charles Wilson, whose entertainments, both in the country and in Grosvenor Square, are so well known. Mrs. Arthur Wilson is at present at Cap Martin, and has Prince Francis of Teck staying with her, and she is expecting later on a visit from Lord and Lady Cadogan.

A hostess who has earned the gratitude of every member of the Northumberland Hunt is Mrs. Burrell, of Carham Hall. Some difficulty has been experienced in finding a successor to the late Sir James Miller as M.F.H. of the Northumberland Hunt, but Mrs. Burrell has bravely stepped into the breach and offered to hunt the country, at her own expense, two days a week. Mrs. Burrell is a great sportswoman, a splendid rider, and a keen angler, traits she no doubt inherits from her father, the late Mr. Charles Perkins, one of the most popular of North Country sportsmen.

PHILOSOPHE!

SHE: "How tired I am of Society. Nothing but foam and froth—nothing deep or lasting—nothing worth while—no sincerity anywhere"

HE: "H—m, who has snubbed you now, my dear?"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

A Notable Liberal Hostess

Photo *Speaight*

Lady Aline Beaumont, with her children

Lady Aline Beaumont is the wife of the Member for the Hexham Division of Northumberland. She will entertain this season at the house she has taken from Lord Northcote in St. James's Place

Entertaining in the North Country

Photo *Speaight*

The Countess of Tankerville and her children

Lady Tankerville is one of the many American peeresses, and is a prominent North Country hostess. Her beautiful home, Chillingham Castle, is one of the most interesting places in Northumberland

The Governorship of Chelsea Hospital

Lady White, the wife of the hero of Ladysmith, is a hostess who will be doubly welcome to London, not only because of her interesting personality, and of her husband's distinguished record, but because of the fact that Chelsea Hospital, at which Sir George White has recently taken up residence as Governor, contains a magnificent suite of rooms for the purpose of entertaining. The actual duties of the Governorship are not extensive, and the post was given to Sir George largely by virtue of his glorious services at Ladysmith, and also his long and distinguished commands in India and at Gibraltar, where he and Lady White won golden opinions. To remind Londoners of the claims of Chelsea Hospital on their attention were almost superfluous. The buildings are one of the prizes of the Metropolis, and the fact that their picturesque blue-coated inmates are aged warriors strikes a sentimental chord in the heart of the visitor. It suffices to remark that the Hospital is a standing tribute to the memory of Charles II., and belies that Sovereign's reputation that he "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." It was the Merry Monarch who converted the buildings from a theological college into a home for old and invalid soldiers, which certainly may be designated a wise and also a kindly act.

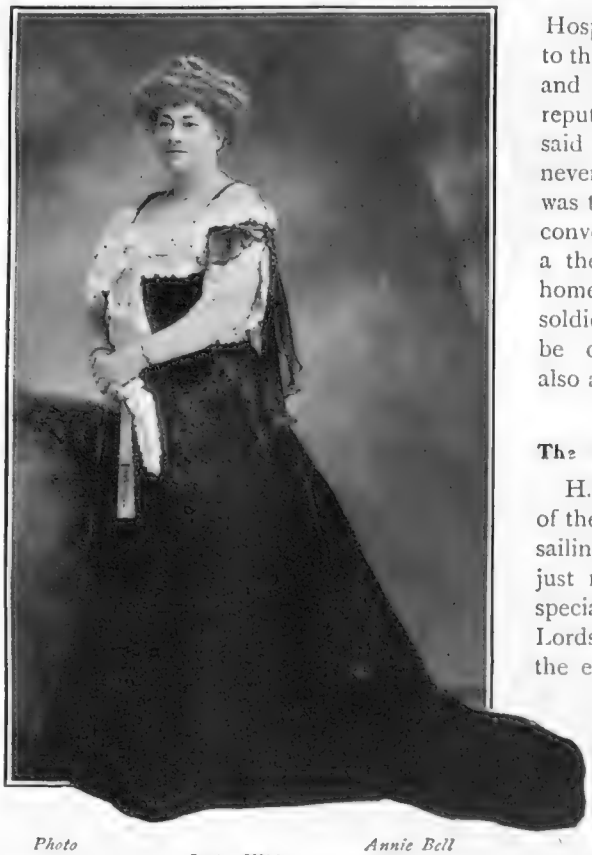


Photo *Annie Bell*

Lady White

Wife of Sir George White, of Ladysmith fame, who is the Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

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The Channel Fleet Trophy

H.M.S. *Exmouth*, flagship of the Channel Fleet, will be sailing the seas a proud ship just now, for she has been specially praised by the Lords of the Admiralty for the excellence shown by her crew in gunnery practice. She attained the highest record for efficiency in 1905, and was first in order of merit at battle practice and in the heavy-gun layers' test. Our photograph is of the trophy won by the *Exmouth* as the reward of her merit.

Photo *J. Russell and Sons*

Marksmanship in the Navy: The guns of H.M.S. "Exmouth" and the Channel Fleet Trophy

"CHELSEA PENSIONERS AT HOME"

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, EXHIBITED IN LAST YEAR'S ACADEMY

A Tragedy o[illegible]e Peerage

The Motor Show and Sunday Calling

Cordingley's Show at the Agricultural Hall will once again draw wealth and beauty and other things down Islington way. The ever-increasing popularity of the motor has made it not only fashionable but necessary for its votaries to attend the shows where, even if one has no intention of buying cars, one can always pick up some very good tips. The motor, indeed, seems to be good for everything except, I am told, complexions, on which it apparently produces too ruddy a glow for perfect grace. It has made more than ever possible that most delightful of outings, a run out of town for the week-end, and this, in spite of the tramcars of the energetic Sir Clifton Robinson, which render practically every main road out of London from the West a shocking strain on nerves, tyres, and springs alike. By the way though, these same week-end runs have given the London hostess yet another cause for complaint against that "Social Savage," the modern young man. It appears that he has quite given up paying calls on Sundays, or rather, his women-folk being out of town on little motor trips of their own, do not now, as was their wont, pay Sunday calls and take the men with them. Country-house hostesses on the other hand are almost inclined to regret the sudden access of popularity the arrival of the motor has brought her. The motoring appetite is a fearful and wonderful thing, and has been known to tax a Sunday larder to its utmost capacity.

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Photo] **The late Lady Romilly** *[Lafayette*

Who has not longed survived her husband, Lord Romilly, who died eighteen months ago

New Works at the New Gallery

Like the musical comedies, the International Society at the 'New" has gone into a second edition, and now exhibits many fresh works, Miss Terry's fine portrait of Henry Irving, by Bastien Lepage, among them. The most impressive note in the work of the Frenchmen, apart from their technical power, is that of what used to be called pure ugliness. Of course, a painter can make anything beautiful, and transmute the squalor of dirt, hate, and blood, with the easy alchemy of his brush. To the artist, everything well done is beautiful. But if one could hear the criticism of past painters on the present, one would like to know what [illegible]tteau and his school, down to Bouchier and Fragonard, felt about Messieurs Chahine, Degas, or Forain and Lautrec. The Germans, too, display great strength and skill, but beauty, as one imagines that elusive quality, finds no welcome at their hands. The attraction of the exhibition is all the greater on account of the new point of view so insistently expressed. No one interested in current art should fail to see the colour reproductions, or the lithographs, in the "new edition"; and Hans Thoma and Böcklin are as necessary to the conversationalist this month as the new Turners were last, or the "Venus" of Velasquez the month before.

* * *

Some Clever Bronzes

At the Carfax Gallery one is always certain of amusement; just now they are showing some extremely clever and pleasing bronzes by Mr. Charles Ricketts—small in size, but often big in treatment. It has been pointed out that, in making this departure into sculpture, Mr. Ricketts has submitted himself to several influences, but as these are always well chosen, the result is highly satisfactory, if, to the student, not notably original.

* * *

A Little Orphan Peer

The youngest peer in the kingdom, little Lord Romilly, who has only just attained his seventh birthday, by the death of his beautiful young mother, Lady Romilly, is now an orphan. His parents' marriage was a most romantic one. The engagement of Miss Violet Grey-Egerton, one of the acclaimed beauties of her year, only sister of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, and niece of Lord Londesborough, to Mr. Ernest Cunard had been announced. The wedding was fixed for a certain Thursday morning in the height of the season, but on the morning previous to the wedding that was to have been, the bride-elect fled from her home in the company of a friend, who, an hour later, became her husband, and who was Lord Romilly. The marriage proved of the happiest, and when her husband died some eighteen months ago, at the early age of thirty-nine, Lady Romilly was distracted with grief, and never really recovered from the shock. Her death, although she was so ill, was not really expected, and her loss is mourned by a vast circle of friends.

BYSTANDER.

THE PLAYHOUSES

The Coliseum

There is no finer change from the incessant business of theatre-going than to go to a music-hall. If you notice a man laughing louder than his peers at the delightful absurdities of Mr. George Robey, you may be sure that he is one whose business or pleasure it is to see almost every new play. When his spasms of hilarity are quietened, you may be sure that he will proceed to draw comparisons between Mr. Robey's business and the ordinary light comedy in the ordinary play, very much to the detriment of the latter. Yes, a music-hall is a great tonic to the jaded theatre-goer. So, filled with anticipation of an evening's amusement, I went to the Coliseum. It was my first visit since Mr. Oswald Stoll had been granted a stage licence by the Lord Chamberlain. The effects of the change were soon visible. In the first place, one was greeted at the entrance to the stalls with the reminder "No Smoking"; in the second, there was presented on the stage a kind of long-drawn-out sketch, *The Troubles of Tuffin*, which, if the Coliseum had still been under the regimé of the London County Council, would have drawn a protest from the most long-suffering theatre manager.

Miss Marie Tempest

In *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy*, at the Duke of York's Theatre

Drawn by Chas. R. Sykes

Just consider for a moment this little list of performers:—

Mr. M. R. Morand, Comedian.
Belle Davis and her Pick-chicks.
A Couple of Demon Porters—Eccentric Comedians.
May and Ted Hopkins, in a Welsh turn.
Mr. Eugene Stratton as the Coon Drum-major.
The Ten Loonies at play.
George Lashwood's farewell to his latchkey.
Mr. Morand as "S'Nero."

Now, these are all clever performers in their own way. At the Coliseum their performance is discounted by the attempt to run them all into one travesty, dragging its slow length along. Mr. Shirley has done his best, but he has failed in a field where success lies outside the gate.

This sketch, in two acts and eleven scenes, is a conglomerate affair. After each speciality there comes the inevitable "tag," to prepare the way for the next performer. In musical comedy the lines of dialogue leading up to a song are often bald enough. When such dialogue links together a series of specialities, the effect on the spirit is such as might be produced by the Great Sahara Desert in its more monotonous aspects. "S'Nero" adds the last touch of depression. When British humour falls flat, the thud can be heard for miles. The daily falling of "S'Nero" must have its effect, even on such a stoutly built palace as the Coliseum.

Stage Meals

In the old days, it used to be remarked that "no man could consider himself an actor until he was able to tackle a property-chicken." That actor-making bird has now disappeared in favour of real fowl. Histrionic training is incomplete in these days without a large experience in the manipulation of daintily served dishes. Unless a player can give point to his dialogue between the mouthfuls of Lobster à la Neuberg he stands but a small chance of an engagement in a modern play, because nine out of ten of them have at least one important scene devoted to the serious business of eating and drinking. To take a few recent instances at haphazard. In *The Heroic Stubbs* there was a little *tête-à-tête* supper-party, in which the bootmaker made humorous play with a bottle of vile *vin ordinaire*; in *The Alabaster Staircase* the best comedy scene of the play was the luncheon-party, in which the young Duke of Ranelagh solemnly handed over his fiancée to the Radical politician, Pickford.

An amusing breakfast is that partaken of by the Hon. Jimmy Keppel and All-of-a-Sudden Peggy. The latter makes a most ample stage meal, but the circumstances of Peggy's visit are such as to make the kidneys and bacon taste like ashes in the mouth of the Hon. Jimmy.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has fallen into the fashion by providing his Hussars of Conflans with a square meal of soup and bread, and it is edifying to watch the manner in which Mr. Lewis Waller and his comrades indulge in pleasantries with their mouths full.

There have been many dinner-parties too, much

more gay and animated on the stage than the usual affair in real life One recalls the elaborate function in *The Climbers*, when there were no less than fourteen guests, and the service would have done credit to a political hostess. And, in a few days' time, *The Man from Blankney's* will take his seat at the festive dinner-party to the uproarious amusement of the audience.

Verily, the modern playwright makes much capital out of the gastronomic capacities of his characters.

Photo *Edis and Walery*

Miss Gertrude Arthur Jones (daughter of the dramatist)

Who was married last week to Mr. Irving Albery, son of Mrs. Albery, better known to the public as Miss Mary Moore

Old Comedy Up-to-Date

Mr. Stanislaus Stange, author of *The School for Husbands*, has been rather roughly handled by the critics. Some of the scribes appear to imagine that old comedy is forbidden ground for the modern dramatist. It is a little difficult to justify this point of view. *The School for Scandal*, though it is never likely to be equalled, is surely not, for that reason, the last word upon the period. It is difficult, of course, for a modern playwright to breathe life into the bones of old comedy, but there is no reason why he should be debarred from the attempt. There are plays, of course, whose only claims to old comedy have been based on the costumes and on expletives like "Stop my vitals." In this category was Mr. Stange's libretto, *Dolly Varden*, seen some two years ago at the Avenue Theatre. But his new play at the Scala marks a distinct advance, and shows that diligent study of old models will produce work which, however inferior to that of the best old masters, compares very favourably with some of the work which a guileless public accepts merely because it is old. E. C. S.

The Alhambra

The next best thing to a visit to the Gay City is to see *Parisiana*, most diverting of ballets. An extra sparkle is now provided by the introduction of two new scenes, representing the Grands Boulevards as they exist to-day. Mr. Charles Wilson reveals, in these "extra editions," an acquaintance with the Boulevards and the Boulevardier as intimate as that which characterises his "Fête de Neuilly." Truly, *Parisiana* lives up to its title.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. Alfred Lester as a Stump Orator at the Palace

"Jim! It *don't* seem *right* to me that we should pay a pennyworth of tax for drinking a pennyworth of tea"

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

M. Sarrien a Knowing Bird

It is a pity that the Rouvier Ministry could not have lasted but three months longer. It is a bad time to form a Cabinet, on the eve of the General Elections. Men are afraid to take office, with the prospect of being turned out before they have warmed to their work. Even the strongest Cabinet would be afraid of showing its strength. M. Sarrien is perhaps the best man at the post to-day, because he will follow his tactics of the last five-and-twenty years, like those of the proverbial parrot, who says little, but is supposed to think. M. Sarrien is one of those remarkable individuals who, with a wise face, struts through life as a knowing bird, and by never opening his lips succeeds in keeping up the illusion. It was of him M. Grévy, the former President of the Republic, said: "He listens to everything; he understands everything; he can do everything but speak"—the sort of thing generally said of a dog. And, evidently, M. Sarrien has not changed; in all these years he has never said nor written anything that can be used for or against him. It is here he shows his cleverness, for, possibly, if he spoke he would be found out.

La Merelli

Who is playing at a Montmartre Music Hall at a salary of £500 per month. Her former associate, the bank clerk, Gallay, is undergoing a sentence of seven years imprisonment

* * *

The Affaire de la Jourdonnie

The attempted suicide of M. de la Jourdonnie, formerly in the Dragoons, has created much sensation, not only among the Parisians proper, but in the American Colony. M. de la Jourdonnie, about forty years old, strikingly handsome, married Mme. Caurin, *née* Sohège, a widow, with a daughter now married to Mr. Franklin Singer. It is believed that money questions are at the bottom of this family drama, although it is reported that the unfortunate man shot himself out of love for his wife, who had applied for a divorce. The truth is that Mme. de la Jourdonnie's brother, M. Paul de Sohège, married Mme. Singer, the well-known millionaire, mother of the late Duchesse Descaze and the Princesse de Polignac. There is a lawsuit now pending relative to the Singer estate, wherein it will be decided if M. de Sohège inherits from his late wife. M. de la Jourdonnie, through his wife, is also interested in this action, and now that the latter intends to divorce him, he sees himself left in financial straits. Like most French aristocrats, he had to marry into trade, and a divorce, with the money settled on his wife, would ruin him.

* * *

A Playwriting Marquis

Whilst all Paris is ringing with the scandal of the Castellane-Gould divorce, Count Boni de Castellane's father, the Marquis de Castellane, has seized this opportunity of distinguishing himself in the novel capacity of a playwright. I do not reproach him with having written a bad play—a man need not be noble to do that—but I blame him for his want of tact in the selection of his characters. His play, *Four Sa .Patrie*, produced at the Ambigu, deals with the well-known love affair between the first Napoleon and the beautiful Comtesse Walewski. As everybody knows, Napoleon the Third was interested in Count Walewski — the Countess's son—and made him president of the Corps Legislatif. Both the Count and his mother were very much respected, and people refrained from alluding to the Count's parentage. And, as there are still relatives of the Walewski family living, it is deplorable that the Marquis de Castellane should have placed this episode in Napoleon's life on the stage, when even Larousse, in his great dictionary, does not touch upon it. It is sometimes difficult to understand how theatrical managers accept so many bad plays, until the truth leaks out. But the truth cannot always be told.

* * *

A Theatrical Sensation

That MM. Capus and Descaves should have combined ideas in a theatrical work caused no small sensation in the literary world; but that the result of

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

this literary marriage should have been *l'Attentat* took all Paris by surprise. Descaves, the thinker, and Capus, the *mondain* philosopher, to have given us five acts of political intrigue where we fail to detect the touch of either one or the other! We have not yet recovered from our disappointment. But there is one man delighted, and he is the milliner who made Mme. Jane Hading's hat. I happened to ask him how he enjoyed the play. "Wonderful, wonderful," was his answer, "we never had such a success; the house rose as she came in; you never saw such a hat, the feather alone cost 150 francs." The good man had nothing to say of Descaves and Capus; possibly would not have known of whom I was talking if I had mentioned them. It is not what is in the head, but what is on it, that interests him and the majority of the public.

M. Capus, the celebrated dramatist, in his study

The collaboration of M. Capus, the worldly philosopher, and M. Descaves, the thinker, in the new play, *L'Attentat*, has taken all Paris by surprise

Sad for such brilliant authors to owe much of their success to the collaboration of a milliner; but sometimes two clever heads can make a mistake and one clever hat-maker rectify it. *On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.*

* * *

La Merelli in Clover

We had hoped we had heard the last of La Merelli, the companion of the notorious bank clerk just sentenced to seven years imprisonment. But what caused his ruin is making her fortune. Gallay stole for her and made her notorious; and her notoriety has secured her £500 a month—an engagement in a Montmartre music-hall. Her time will be fully occupied between her literary efforts and her nightly appearances, for her book on the celebrated case is still unfinished. But she is not in want of collaborators; several writers, even old ones, have volunteered their services Lucky Merelli! A strange moral. Here is a woman, known to all Paris as an insignificant actress, who rises in value because she was implicated in a criminal case. Found guilty, she would have been forgotten; acquitted, she is the sensation of the day.

* * *

Women-Writers in Arms

M. Abel Hermant is passing an unpleasant quarter of an hour, as they say here, over his last novel, "Les Grands Bourgeois." He has described, with a very vivid touch, the women-writers of the day, and a trifle too accurately to please them. And as the majority of these women belong to what is called "Society," the indignation is acute. The Comtesse de Noailles, Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, and others, are shocked at the light M. Hermant throws on the work of lady-novelists. It must be admitted that in his book he makes them write very audaciously, and exaggerates their faults. Still, with the key to the novel, "Les Grands Bourgeois" is interesting as a study; and whatever its deficiencies it is admirably written.

* * *

Woman and Her Defects

Women, unfortunately, do not handle a delicate subject with the experience of a man. They are often lacking in a sense of proportion and lose themselves in details. A man will know how much he must describe, and how much to leave to the imagination. A woman leaves nothing to the imagination. She will put the dots on all the i's—and sometimes two. And it is this defect M. Abel Hermant evidently wishes to draw attention

to. Women have been attacked from every quarter in this respect, of late. M. Jules Lemaitre says, "Women have no imagination; they cannot create"; M. Seignobas contends, "they have no feeling for Nature"; and M. Anatole France goes a step further, and proclaims that "they are unobservant; they look, and see nothing." Somebody, who does not wish his name mentioned, puts the finishing touch to this criticism on women's literary productions by saying: "They are too busy looking at themselves; their novels are a reflection of their looking-glasses." Despite these remarks, women's works command a bigger sale than any written by men of the present day, including those of the before-mentioned gentlemen.

* * *

Last of the Moulin Rouge

The Moulin Rouge is about to disappear! This cry, which, some ten or twelve years ago, would have saddened the heart of the English tourist, finds no echo either on this or the other side of the Channel. For some mysterious reason, the stranger—especially the American and Englishman—visiting Paris, fondly believed that the Moulin Rouge was the most Parisian of all Paris places of amusement; and it is there he went on the first night of his arrival in the Capital. Did he enjoy himself? Probably not, for the fun offered him was of a more than doubtful quality. The truth is that the Moulin Rouge always was a deadly dull affair; the best things about it the four red wings that tempted the passer-by. From the very beginning Parisians did not care for the place, and if they went there, it was not to look at the women, but at the unsuspecting stranger. He, certainly, was the attraction. Some few years ago I happened to visit it with some friends, and, to my consternation, saw there an English clergyman with his wife and two daughters. These good people, no doubt, thought they were having a glimpse at Paris Society. Probably they think so still. Of late, however, strangers began to grow sick of the Moulin, and nobody will regret its disappearance, not even Mesdemoiselles Georgette, Fifine, Gilberte, and their frail companions, who looked in vain for a good Samaritan to offer them a glass of beer.

Lancelot Speed

A Blow to the British Tourist: Exit the Moulin Rouge

The French Tribunal of Commerce has pronounced a decree of bankruptcy against the famous Moulin Rouge. The palmy days of the Moulin Rouge have long been over, but its name survived long after its hilarity, and it was a favoured resort of the more respectable of British tourists

A Brilliant Model

Photo

THORPE HALL, YORKSHIRE, OWNED BY MR. ALEXANDER MACDONA

This effective bit of landscape gardening is produced by the simplest means. The regulation sunk fence separating lawn and fields is abolished, and the garden is continued through the rough fields by cutti The ordinary statuary and shrubbery be

...f Landscape Gardening

Leonard Willoughby

...CDONAL...ISVILLE: VIEW OF THE GARDEN FROM THE GALLERY WINDOWS

...y cutting ...h and trimming it with neat borders. ...y beds ...usual features of a lawn — are put about the path. The effect of the whole is a spacious garden stretching to the edge of the Park.

The Connoisseur.

OLD CHELSEA PICTURES

Each season the price of the genuinely old Chelsea figures increases under the hammer, and the number of the imitations grows, and the interest in their history becomes more general. The first mention of Chelsea figures appears about 1750, the year in which began a period of remarkable productiveness which lasted some fifteen years. During that time Horace Walpole saw a set of Chelsea porcelain which the King was about to present to the Duke of Mecklenburg; it cost £1,200, no small sum for His economical Majesty. About then, too, a "lustre" was made for £600 to the order of the Duke of Cumberland, who took an especial interest in the works. And during those years, too, an enormous quantity and variety of pieces were put upon the markets. Walpole had a fine collection at Strawberry Hill, as became so strong a *dilettante*, and all the world bought and, what is more important to us to-day, preserved this interesting work.

Old Chelsea statuette of Marshal Conway

(In South Kensington Museum)

Marshal Conway was the cousin and friend of Horace Walpole, and father of Anna Damer, to whom the Abbot of Strawberry Hill left his Gothic villa and £2,000 a year

In the Walpole Collection

The figure pieces, of course, owed a good deal, artistically speaking, to Dresden and to French designs, but they have a characteristic of their own which makes for a greater naturalness and truth, and is less insincere than the work from the Meissen factory or from Sèvres. Delightful as are the gay shepherdesses and their friends and the flower enclosed swains and lovers, which bloomed so freely among the products of Chelsea, these idealities do not possess the interest to-day that is to be found in the statuettes or busts of well-known people. The Chelsea "George II." is an excellent piece of work; the actor, Woodward, as "The Fine Gentleman," and Kitty Clive as "Mrs. Riot," are some of the most characteristic. The figure, of which we give a photograph from Mr. Solon's valuable work on "English Porcelain," is also full of merit. Marshal Conway was a cousin and intimate friend of Horace Walpole, and we may be sure that, in its day, the statuette was subject to many family critics. Conway's daughter — the admired Anna Damer, to whom Walpole left Strawberry Hill, and £2,000 a year to keep it up—was a sculptor of no mean acquirement, and all her set were sincerely interested in English as well as foreign art, and would not allow the admirable efforts of Chelsea towards producing an English porcelain to go unpatronised. The ware that was produced, however, between about 1744 and 1784, when the factory was transferred to Derby, was not, of course, the real porcelain, such as that made in Dresden, Plymouth, Bristol, and in China; it was a soft paste, which, however, had delightful qualities of its own, that ran through the five slightly varying stages of its evolution. The old works at Chelsea may still be considered the cradle of English porcelain, and, we fear, the present-day technical perfection, the constant use of machinery, the lack of imagination, and the personal note, its grave. E. M.

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 15.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

It was the golf that did it. Upon this point there was practically no difference of opinion among the people who talked of it, especially people who played golf. They seemed to assume that it should be accounted greatly to the credit of golf that it was able to make Dick Truscott behave like a brute to his wife, although he was a prosperous City man, and everybody knows that City men (when they are prosperous) never behave like brutes to their wives so long as their wives are fortunate in their selection of cooks.

But the more subtle critics of the *ménage* of Mr. and Mrs. Truscott, while admitting the responsibility of golf for what had happened, and for what they felt sure was about to happen, had a word or two to say respecting the lady when the more generalising ones had said that word respecting her husband. The lady was a bit of a fool to start with, they declared—any woman was, however pretty she might be, who allowed herself to lose her head—they said nothing about her heart—because her handicap, owing to the generosity of an impressionable Committee, was high enough to allow of her winning the silver loving-cup in competition with at least a dozen players, the worst of whom knew more of golf than she was capable of acquiring even under the tuition of the devil and Charlie Banks, both of whom, they did not deny, had some notion of the game.

It seemed that these two tutors had been in partnership, though the name of the latter only had been, so to speak, on the door-plate of the firm when Mrs. Truscott had taken her lessons, just as in the case of army tutors only the name of the most reputable of the firm is to be found in their advertisements. It was Charlie Banks who volunteered to act as her pro. when she was practising for the Loving-Cup Competition, without having the remotest idea that, even by the aid of her friend'y handicap, she would ever become the custodian of that prize for a year. Charlie, who, some years before, had crammed for the Army and had succeeded in getting a commission—it was just after Spion Kop—perceived that she could only win the Cup by cramming, and he crammed her. She had no notion of the limitations of a brassy, and she clung desperately to the belief that she could get across the pond at the third hole, playing from the tee—a feat that had only been three times accomplished. The invariable loss of her ball at this stage of the game so depressed her that whatever good qualities she had were invisible for the remainder of the round.

And then her attempts at lofting. . . .

Charlie saw in a moment what she could do and what she could not do, and by a little firmness succeeded in saving her ball at the water jump, and she was so much elated at this that she landed on the green in the third stroke and made the hole in five, though its bogie was actually six. To be sure, the rest of the round was deplorable, but Charlie was not firm after the third hole, only suave. The next round, however—he encouraged her to have another after lunch—he was nearly tyrannical with her, and the result was that she played almost well—steadily and with judgment—his judgment. She knew, of course, that it was his judgment, but this did not prevent her from exulting in the fact that for the first time she had done the round in one hundred and three.

But she was generous.

"It was all through your hints, Mr. Banks," she admitted, as they were motoring to "The Croft"; she had held out the allurement of tea to him, and he had yielded gracefully.

"Not at all; you played splendidly," he replied. "If you do only a little better at the competition, Laura Hooper will not have a chance."

"I would give anything to 'lift' that Cup," she cried; the phrase about "lifting" a cup had become classical that year.

"It will not cost you very much to do it," said he, casually.

"You really and truly think that I have a chance—do be frank with me, Mr. Banks?"

"It is not a matter of merely thinking—it is a certainty."

She shook her head, but the gleam of satisfaction which was in her eyes neutralised the negation of that head shake.

"I only played well once in my life, and that was to-day," she said. "Yes, and that was due wholly to you."

"You will have a very different story to tell on this day week, when we have had a dozen rounds of the links together, my dear lady," said he.

"What, you will give up your time to me; a dozen rounds means that you will play with me and no one else?" she cried.

There was a pause of some duration before he replied; then he spoke in a low, earnest voice—a voice whose tone seemed to be the natural sequel to the expression which had been on his face when he had looked at her during the interval of silence.

"Yes; you and no one else—who else is there but you?"

Next week will be published "Other Times, Other Morals," by CHARLES MARRIOTT

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

It was his tone of voice that gave a certain subtle significance to his words. The impression that they conveyed to her was the same as if he had said:

"Who, beside you, is there in the world for me?"

That was why she flushed and laughed uneasily, turning her eyes away from him. She foolishly made the attempt to pass off his question as if it were meant to be answered.

"Who else is there?" she said. "Oh, there is everybody else—Mrs. Acton, Louie Starkie, Laura Hooper—these are the first-class ones, worthy of your steel."

"They are nothing to me," he said, with a little sad shake of the head. He seemed to feel that it was almost mournful to think all these were nothing to him.

That was all they said at this time, the fact being that they overtook Dick on his way from the station, and when he occupied the fourth seat in the car the conversation took quite another turn, for Mr. Truscott and his wife had to argue out the question as to whether or not the latter had promised to meet her husband on the arrival of his train. Dick declared that she had so promised, and she denied it at first, but after some forcible language on his side, practically admitted that she had given him a "sort of promise," but that she had forgotten all about it, owing to her having played so splendid a round of golf. She announced her score triumphantly, as if she felt that doing so would leave her husband without a further word.

If she was under such an impression Dick soon dissipated it. He said an angry word or two to her, but then, as if rather ashamed of his recrimination in the presence of a stranger, he made himself friendly—comparatively friendly—to Charlie Banks, and they all had tea together on the lawn before Mr. Truscott, the City man, retired to his study with the bundle of papers which he had carried with him from the train, and at which he had glanced more than once while his wife and Mr. Banks were talking about the notes of the blackbird in the rose garden.

"Mr. Truscott does not seem to take much interest in golf," said the visitor, when he was by the side of the lady in the rose garden.

"He sometimes is quite nice about it," she replied.

"This is not one of his good days, I'm afraid," said Charlie.

"He has worries in the City, I think," said she.

He smiled at the bare idea of anyone in the City having worries.

"Perhaps you should not have made the appointment with me for—for—to-morrow," he suggested.

"Why should I not?" she cried quickly. "Do you imagine that because my husband happens to be unreasonable as well as rude—abusing me for every trifle, I feel inclined to mope like Mariana?"

"Mariana in her moated Grange was a bit of a fool; she waited for someone to come to her."

"You think that the woman who waits for a man to come to her is a bit of a fool, Mr. Banks?"

"Would you mope if your husband did not return until the 9.45?"

"I would not mope; but I would wait."

"Of course; you would have to—the compulsion in the matter places you outside the list of Marianas. Is he often as rude to you as he was just now?"

She shook her head, looking sadly away over the downs that rolled in magnificent curves almost directly above the garden. She did not speak a word; she knew that there was no need for her to speak.

So did he.

"Poor child—poor child!" he murmured; and she knew that he was looking at her tenderly. "Poor child! Would to heaven that I could help you!"

She brought her far-away look back to him with the suddenness of one making a great effort to throw off a care.

"You can help me—you can help me," she cried earnestly.

"Tell me how—tell me how!" he said in a whisper, still more earnestly.

"You can help me to lift the Cup," she said, with an attempt to smile.

He gave a little frown of impatience, but it passed away in an instant—after all, he had not known her for more than a week or two; he knew that a man should know a woman for at least a month before he should venture to frown in her face.

He put out his hand to her with the air of a good comrade.

"I will help you to lift that Cup," he said. "Let it be a symbol—the loving-cup—the cup of happiness. I will set it in your hands to drink."

She laughed a little uneasily, saying:

"You are poetical, Mr. Banks. I like that fancy of yours—the cup of happiness; but do not forget what the proverb says about the slip and the cup and the lip."

"You are thinking too much about the Cup," he said, shaking his head.

"I shall think of it day and night after to-day," said she. "I wish I could induce you to do the same for a week."

"I think of the other term of the proverb," he whispered.

"The other term? the slip?"

"The lips? *Au revoir!* I shall be on the links at ten sharp."

And so he was, and so was she. They had two more rounds together, and she was able, under his guidance, to break her record of the day before. She was hopeful as they drove together to "The Croft," and her high spirits were noticed by the other members of the club who watched the departure of the motor. It was Laura Hooper who wondered if Mrs. Truscott really fancied she had a chance of the Cup. Her friend, Algy Stanham, mumbled something about the Cup being a loving-cup, and then someone else sighed: "Poor Dick Truscott!"

That was the beginning of it all. Only Mrs. Truscott continued to improve daily, and she never played better than on the day of struggle for the Cup. Laura Hooper, by a curious coincidence, never played worse—so at least she affirmed when she was congratulating Mrs. Truscott upon her achievement in winning it. Mrs. Truscott was too much elated at the moment to be in a position to remind her that her score at the previous competition for this particular prize was two strokes worse than her round this day.

(*Continued on page 590*)

OWNER OF BULL (*to owner of garden*): "Why don't yer keep yer gate shut? What d'yer think gates is made for? (*With ever-increasing wrath*) Turn 'is 'ead, won't yer, instead of standing there stuck still"

DRAWN BY PHIL E.

(Continued from page 588)

It was probably her elation that caused her to allow Charlie to hold her hand in his while they were driving back from the club-house.

She passed the most miserable night of her life when he left her, after dining at "The Croft"; for he could scarcely have reached the lodge before Dick told her that if ever he found that loafer, Banks, within the precincts of "The Croft," he would kick him out by the nearest window.

She was naturally indignant, and made a dignified demand for an explanation. He refused, saying that she had no need of one. He had not asked her for an explanation of how it came that she had called the fellow once by his Christian name after dinner.

"You heard what I said just now; let that be enough for you," said Dick, giving the sofa pillow a thump, and then picking it up and hurling it into a corner. "The fellow is a good-for-nothing cad. I have heard stories about him. He was practically kicked out of his regiment."

"You are mad," she cried. "Would the Aytouns have him at their garden-party if he was at all doubtful?"

"I don't care the snap of my fingers for all the Aytouns in the world; what I have seen of the fellow is enough for me, and let it be enough for you too. That's all I have to say. It will not be *saying*, but *doing* with me if I catch him about my house again," said Dick.

"You insult me," she cried. "You have played the part of a tyrant towards me for the past two years, and I have submitted because I am a patient woman; but now you have insulted me in a way that no woman with any self-respect would stand."

"Then you know what I mean," he said, with a nod of his head. "I have worry enough without having you and your theories of self-respect to think of."

She left the room with dignity; she was more dignified than she had need to be; but she remembered how Charlie Banks had held her hand unrebuked, and she somehow felt that by being emphatically dignified she was taking a step towards maintaining the equilibrium of her self-respect.

Dick Truscott was not a man who understood much about women, or he would have behaved differently in regard to his wife. If he had had any sense he would have made allowance for the condition of elation in which his wife found herself every time the sheen of the silver golf trophy asserted itself beneath the electric light. He would have made allowance for the natural feeling of gratitude which she was bound to entertain toward Mr Banks for having devoted so much time to her instruction during the week. But behaving in the stupid way that he did, he only forced his wife to write a letter to Charlie Banks begging him not to think of her as ungrateful, but she thought it would be wiser if they did not meet again just at present. Of course, this letter brought about a meeting between her and Charlie—a secret meeting—which came to the ears of Dick the next day, and formed the basis of a rather exciting scene between him and his wife that night. Any scene is bound to be exciting that begins by a husband's demanding a promise from his wife never again to speak to a certain man, and proceeds, from the wife's refusal to make such a promise, to such an act as the compression of the wife's wrists by the fierce grasp of the husband's fingers. That is what happened in the drawing-room at "The Croft." Dick quite forgot himself. He forced his wife to cry out when he caught her wrists, cursing through his set teeth; and when he threw her hands away from him, she fell to the floor, and lay there sobbing.

Of course he made a sort of apology. But the marks upon her wrists remained all through the night, and were even more conspicuous the next morning. When she awoke she was conscious of pain. What was worse, her wrists were swollen so as to be unbecoming, and as bracelet-bearers they were no use. But still she did not weep. Her husband went up to his office in the City as usual, and before he had been gone an hour she came upon Charlie Banks, who was pacing the shady path beyond the paddock.

"My dearest, my dearest! something has happened. I see it in your face!" he cried, putting a sheltering arm about her.

She held up her swollen wrists to him. He kissed them a thousand times.

"Curse him! Curse him! the brute!" he said. "How could he? But you will not stand it—flesh and blood could not stand it! You will now allow yourself to be persuaded—ah, you should have done so long ago, darling. We shall go away together, and you will at last know what 'tis to live, what 'tis to love. You will come?"

"I will—I will," she said steadfastly. "What woman with any self-respect would submit to such brutality? He has only himself to blame."

He urged her to go away with him without the delay of a moment; but she clearly saw that that would be impossible. There were preparations to be made. Of course, she would like to go at once—he would be taught a lesson when he came home in the afternoon and found that she had left him—that he, by his brutality, had driven her from him. He would learn something of women—at present he knew nothing of the obligation that a true woman felt to be true to herself. Now he was to be taught his lesson.

He applauded her with kisses. She was a true woman, he assured her — true to her sovereign womanhood — that was what it was to be a true woman.

Before they parted they had agreed that they should make all their arrangements for leaving England together on Friday. It was on that day, as her husband knew, that she was going on a week-end visit to the Lauders, at Beechinghurst. She would simply pack up her trunks and drive to the station. Charlie Banks was to be in the train, and they would come together at Farlingborough Junction and take the Continental train for Dover an hour later.

He grumbled, lover-like, at having to wait for three days. He implored her to make some excuse for leaving on Thursday; but she shook her head; she knew by instinct that a woman cannot do justice to herself in running away from her husband without at least three days' preparation. But she promised to

(Continued on page 592)

At the London Hippodrome

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. Bert Gilbert as "King Encyclopedia," in the travesty "Among the Stars"

The latest form of variety entertainment is a species of *pot-pourri*, consisting of different turns connected by a slight thread of plot. King Encyclopedia, who rules over the planet Minerva, is the character before whom all the others perform. His own performance consists of satirical remarks, with now and again a speciality of his own. Mr. Gilbert is a very clever burlesque artist and a delightful dancer. Playgoers will recall his spirited performance of the Irishman in the comic opera, *My Lady Molly*.

(Continued from page 590)

meet her lover on the Thursday to assure him that she had not changed her mind. She smiled, looking up to his face as she said the words. She knew that she was not a woman to change her mind.

She did meet him on the Thursday, and gave him further assurance of her steadfastness. She hoped that he would not be frightened at the number of her trunks. She could not bear to leave behind her any of her possessions.

"You are coming with me in good time," said he. "I was in the City yesterday, making arrangements for the sale of some stock, and there I learned that a crash is impending in Pagodas—and the partners in the firm of Lucas and Truscott will be hammered before the week is out."

"What?" she cried. "Do you mean to say that they will be ruined?"

"Ruined beyond a doubt," he replied. "Your husband will be a beggar. Ah, my beloved, you are leaving him in good time. You would not relish life in a suburban villa, with one maid-of-all-work."

"But do City men come down like that?" she asked. "I always thought that a crash meant only something in the way of business—something to be tided over in a month or two."

He laughed.

"Not such a crash as is coming to Lucas and Truscott, I can assure you," he said. "This one means beggary—perhaps penal servitude."

She started and became pale.

"Fraud—there has been fraud?" she whispered.

"There seems to be little doubt about that. My informant gave me a hint. He was so sure that there would be an arrest last evening that he bought a special edition to see if the rumour was confirmed. Ah, you are leaving in good time. After Friday—oh, dearest, you will never know a care."

Thus they parted. She was pale and downcast, in spite of the reflection that she was leaving a husband who was a brute, and a ruined brute into the bargain. She went very slowly up to her house, and sat surveying her packed trunks. Her maid was still packing in the next room.

She sat there quite still for over an hour. Then she found herself weeping silently and thinking, not of the future but of the past.

. . . . . .

She wrote him this letter :—

It cannot be. I see clearly now that it would be cowardly—worse—far worse than cowardly—for me to leave him now that he is ruined; however cruelly he may have behaved. But that has nothing to do with the matter. I will stay by him now, and stand by his side in the dock. C. T.

She had scarcely posted her letter when Dick Truscott entered the house. She met him in the hall, and put out her hands to him; her wrists were still discoloured.

"Dear Dick," she said. "I know all. It is no wonder that you have been irritable for some time past, dear."

"No, no; I have no excuse. But, indeed, I have just passed through the greatest worry of my life," said he.

"Whatever may happen I shall be by your side, dear," said she. "I am only a woman, but——"

"You could not be anything better or nobler," said he. "Confound those Pagodas! We only got clear of them this morning"

"Pagodas—you are clear of them—not ruined?"

He laughed, patting her on both cheeks—just where Charlie Banks had kissed her.

"We had a difficult game to play—hoodwinking the most astute, chaps that believe they can see through a ten-foot wall," said Dick. "Oh, yes, we hoodwinked them all to our hearts' content—such reports as we spread abroad! How the mischief did they reach your ears? Never mind! I've brought you something that will pull down your ears in case you hear anything worse."

He took out of his pocket a little box of leather, lined with blue satin. She opened it, and there sprang forth the blaze as of an electric light from two little globes—each about the size of her thumb-nail.

"Diamonds! oh, what diamonds!" she cried.

"Not much; but the best that Ophir, Limited, could supply—a souvenir of our crisis, my dear," said he.

She was in his arms.

"You are a man, Dick—a true man!"

"And you are a woman, dear—a true woman!"

I sometimes wonder if she really was a true woman.

F. Frankfort Moore.

The Joys of Coursing: Slipping a couple of greyhounds

A New Recruit to the Court Theatre

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Mabel Hackney, wife of Mr. Laurence Irving

Miss Hackney has recently joined the clever Company at the Court Theatre, where she has been appearing in *Pan and the Young Shepherd*. Previous to that she was in the cast of *The Voysey Inheritance*, in which she gave a capital performance of the daughter who worries after the home-comfort and well-being of all the family

By Field, Stream & Covert.

The Marquis of Waterford

Some exciting sport has been enjoyed by the Marquis of Waterford during his big-game shooting expedition. So exciting, indeed, that a tiger came very near to putting a sudden end to it a few weeks ago. But this keen Irish sportsman, with the proverbial capacity of the Beresfords for getting safely out of tight corners, narrowly escaped, and killed his tiger. His many friends will rejoice to hear of Lord Waterford's good luck on this occasion, especially in the neighbourhood of his home at Curraghmore, from whence he proposes to hunt the Waterford Foxhounds next season. "We cannot spare the Marquis," remarked one Irishman on hearing of his adventure, and this is the general feeling in County Waterford, where his Mastership of the hounds is being keenly awaited. The old Curraghmore days are recalled with delight by those who have reached the veteran stage, and Lord Waterford is expected to revive, to a certain extent, the glories of the famous Irish hunt during his ensuing term of office. Followers of the County Waterford Hounds, as the pack is at present constituted, have had no reason to complain of the sport provided for them, as Mr. Arthur Pollok has been notably successful during the present season, the hounds he purchased a year ago from Mr. Burdon Sanderson having proved rare fox-killers.

The Kildare Hounds and Their New M.F.H.

Next season, Mr. Arthur Pollok will be found in command of the Kildare Foxhounds, a pack which shares with the Meath the distinction of being the most fashionable and popular in Ireland. In advertising for a successor to the retiring M.F.H., the Baron de Robeck, the Kildare Hunt Committee stipulated that a first-class huntsman must be kept. Both in the Waterford and the East Galway countries, Mr. Pollok has proved that he has very little to learn from the cleverest professionals, and doubtless he will have some opportunities of displaying his skill in handling hounds in his new country. But that the Hunt Committee are perfectly right in standing out for the employment of a huntsman cannot for a moment be doubted. Time after time it has been demonstrated that a Master in a fashionable country cannot satisfactorily combine the two duties. Either the sport suffers through the Master-huntsman having his attention diverted by

Photo *Newman*

A meet of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds at Aston Abbotts on Tuesday, the 6th inst.

This pack has had a successful season, with many good runs over the Vale of Aylesbury

his field, or the horsemen get out of hand and cause unnecessary damage owing to the M.F.H being obliged to concentrate attention on his hounds when they are on the move. One evil is as bad as the other, and while there are men, like the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. John Watson, who do hunt their own hounds with success, the task calls for a combination of skill, popularity, and perfect understanding with the field which is given to very few men to possess.

Good Sport with the Whaddon Chase

Our illustration shows the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds at their meet at Aston Abbotts on Tuesday, the 6th inst., the pack being charmingly mustered on the picturesque village green. There was an exceptionally large field to greet Mr. Selby Lowndes and his hounds on this occasion, and the throng of horsemen and vehicles quite filled the little village. The weather was supremely pleasant, but bright sunshine is not usually accompanied by a good working scent, and the old hands expressed misgivings that sport would be of a moderate description. Fortunately, things were not nearly so bad as anticipated, and while hounds did not get very far away from Aston Abbotts, they worked with great perseverance, and gave their followers plenty of galloping. Under difficulties, they hunted in admirable style with a fox from Mr. Manning's well-stocked covert, finally marking him to ground; and later, a good hunting run ensued from Mr. Headley Harris's farm, hounds putting a gallant finish to the day by running into their fox in the open. The season has been quite a success with the Whaddon Chase Hounds, which cover one of the best fox-hunting countries in the kingdom, embracing the delightful Vale of Aylesbury, and the pack has prospered for more than a century under the leadership of the Selby Lowndes' family.

Photo *Newman*

Mr. W. Selby Lowndes

The popular Master of the Whaddon Chase, whose family have hunted the pack for more than a century

Two Types of Stag-Hunting

After a good season with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, 140 deer having been accounted for up to the moment of writing, it has been decided to cease stag-hunting on the last day of the present month, but there will be a few meets for spring stag-hunting between April 1 and 12. We have a photograph this week of the Surrey Staghounds, whose sport differs very widely from the fierce work which is accomplished in Red Deer Land by the big Devon and Somerset Hounds. Superior fox-hunters are sometimes inclined to ridicule the hunting of the enlarged stag, but followers of packs like the Surrey, the Enfield Chase, Lord Rothschild's, the Essex, and in Ireland the Ward Union, can cheerfully ignore the criticisms, for they get their gallops with unfailing regularity, and heartily enjoy the fun. Captain McTaggart hunts the Surrey pack with much enthusiasm, and has had more ground to cover this season than ever before owing to the disbanding of the West Surrey pack. A. W. C.

Photo *W. Abrey, Tonbridge*

With the Surrey Staghounds

The Master (on the right) giving instructions to his huntsman. Lord Hardinge is seen on the extreme left of the illustration

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Brief Literary Criticisms." By R. H. Hutton. (Macmillan: 4s. net.)
"Sir Walter Scott." By G. le Grys Norgate. (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)
"Letters from Samoa." By Mrs. M. I. Stevenson. (Methuen: 6s.)

Fiction

"The Fifth Queen." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"Karl Grier." By Louis Tracy. (Hodder: 6s.)
"Sea Spray." By Frank T. Bullen. (Hodder: 6s.)
"Loaves and Fishes." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6s.)

Novelist and the Number "13"

The fact that superstition is known to exist in authors was brought home to me in a somewhat puzzling circular received last week from Messrs. Alston Rivers, accompanying an advance copy of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's *The Fifth Queen*.

> The publication of this book was originally fixed for Tuesday next, but in consequence of that day being March 13, we have, in deference to Mr. Hueffer's wish, postponed the publication till Wednesday, the 14th inst.

At first, I had the idea that March 13 must be either a sad anniversary or an important Saint's Day, which Mr. Hueffer did not wish to defile by so commercial a transaction as publishing a book. All, however, I could find in my *Whitaker* was that this day was the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II. and of the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught—neither event exactly of the kind to cause an author the wish to hold up a book. Then it occurred to me that the number "13" might be at the root of it. Mr. Hueffer feared that ill-luck might befall his book if published on the 13th! And this, it appears, is the case, though I imagine merit, not luck, to be the determining factor in the success of a book.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer
Whose "The Fifth Queen" (Alston Rivers: 6s.) is something new and good in historical romances, but which the author wouldn't have published on the 13th of the month

Miss Corelli and the Fatal Number

However, Mr. Hueffer is not the only author who fears "13." He shares his dread of that number with none other than Miss Marie Corelli, who was very concerned with THE BYSTANDER once because we were about to begin a series of articles from her pen on the thirteenth of the month, and requested the Editor to hold up the issue so that this should not be done. When, however, it was announced that the articles would number thirteen, Miss Corelli's alarm knew no bounds. Wires, letters, and telephone messages followed one on the other until, as a result, we were compelled to make the number of the series fourteen by getting Miss Corelli to write another.

Realism in Historical Romance

I do not think Mr. Hueffer need have feared for *The Fifth Queen*, even had it been issued on the fatal date. The number of its good points far exceed the others. He has chosen an excellent and an original historical theme, the marriage between Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, negotiated by the evil genius of Thomas Cromwell. The central figure of the story, however, is Katharine Howard, the "Fifth Queen" of the title, and around her are a variety of lovers, wenches, and courtiers. The action is exceedingly realistic. Mr. Hueffer seeks to envelop the reader in Tudor atmosphere, and yet he does so without the aid of those lengthy descriptions and conceits which go far to make the historical novel of the Bulwer Lytton and G. P. R. James *genus* a weariness of the flesh. The dialogue is terse, and probably true to the period, for its coarseness is at times somewhat painful. Mr. Hueffer succeeds in making real creatures of the cruel, coarse, and heavy King; of the intriguing Cromwell; the cold, ascetic "Lady Mary," and the impulsive Katharine. I am inclined to think, however, that this very vividness of portrayal mars the interest in the story. The characters, being so grimly real, fail to arouse sympathy, and one is, therefore, indifferent as to which of the parties triumph. A little less realism, a little more idealism, is essential in the romance which would enthral like those of Scott and Dumas. Mr. Hueffer's experiment is none the less interesting, and I strongly recommend his volume on the merits of its picturesque details, and its freedom from affectation.

Tampering With School Books

I am somewhat alarmed to learn that a spirit of revolution is abroad in the matter of school books. Messrs. Methuen, for instance, notify me of the simultaneous publication of two works—the one on a *New Junior Arithmetic*, the other a *Nouvelle Grammaire Française*. The former work is claimed to be an attempt to:—

> lead the beginner to regard the learning of arithmetic as the habitual application of common-sense to questions involving number, not as the acquisition of mechanical facility in certain rules.

With all deference to the author, Mr. H. Bompas Smith, I hope his experiment will not be imitated. Common-sense is a dangerous innovation into school tuition—it is another word for irreverence. A child, taught to apply it to "arithmetic," will apply it to

the rest of the "r's," and *ad infinitum*, and then what becomes of those general principles which we must learn by rote in order to know how and when to discard them in after-life? Common-sense is the negation of the school book—we pick it up after our 'teens. To give it us at school is like giving us cheese before sweets. The worst of "common-sense" as a principle of tuition is the danger that it may lead a child to love learning. That is unhealthy, and un-British. It will be the beginning of our downfall—another beginning—when "arithmetic" ceases suitably to rhyme with "give 'em the stick."

The French Verb in Danger

As to the *Nouvelle Grammaire Française*, by Mr. J. C. Anderson, I am even more concerned. For this volume, nothing less is claimed than that therein "conjugation of the verb is simplified." This is heresy. It will be the death-blow to *l'Entente Cordiale*, to our respect for our former foes and our present friends, if there is any tampering with one tense, any meddling with one mood, of a French verb. Why, they will simplify German next!

"Middles"

The late Mr. R. H. Hutton's *Brief Literary Criticisms* (Macmillan: 4*s.* net) contains a second selection of the essays contributed by that charming and versatile writer chiefly to the *Spectator*—essays of the kind we know and love as "middles." A middle, as everyone knows, comes between the political and literary articles of the old-fashioned sixpenny weekly, and is happy because it is neither. Where his fellow-contributors represent in the paper the sober judgment of Saturday morning, the writer of a "middle" is the festive spirit of Saturday night. He is allowed to be a bit of a wag; to use colloquialisms; to display a deep and whimsical knowledge of the ways of that remote person, the man in the street. The pick of Mr. Hutton's essays date from the 'seventies, when the light touch in journalism was not so much at a discount as it is to-day. There were not so many merry men on the Press then as now, and the humorous touch was, accordingly, the more prized when found. Not that Mr. Hutton's essays are humorous; but they betray an appreciation of humour, and impart to the solemn task of literary criticism some welcome lightness of fancy and imagination. Mr. Hutton's essay on the difference between "bookishness and literature" is full of significance. "A bookish people do not make great books," he says, and proceeds, delightfully, to convince us that all the really great writers of the world have been non-bookworms, citing Homer, Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, Dickens, Stevenson, as cases in point. Mr. Hutton on "Paradox" should be studied by the latter-day apostle of "Topsy-turveydom." He cites as the ideal paradox, that which—

> Opens the deepest meanings of life, instead of paradox which leads astray by the extravagance of false analogies.

Of Dickens, Mr. Hutton's criticism is masterly and extremely sympathetic:—

> Let any man seriously number the acquaintances, the continual right of personal intercourse with whom he would buy at the cost of renouncing for ever the acquaintance of Dickens's best creations, and he will soon become conscious of the greatness of the sacrifice which would be required of him.

But while paying this tribute to Dickens's hold on the race, he discounts his higher literary gifts:—

> The infinite multiplications of detailed illustrations of a single humorous type has always been Mr. Dickens's real secret of power. A realist as regards *human* nature he never was at all.

Dickens, he holds, fails to depict real characters:—

> It is as a humorist, and as a humorist alone, that Dickens will be immortal.

Those, it will be seen, who look for conventional views on literature, will have no use for Mr. Hutton's volume, which also deals in the same light critical vein with a variety of other topics.

R. L. Stevenson's house in Samoa

(From "Letters from Samoa," by the late author's mother, Mrs. M. I. Stevenson, by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

Stevenson's Samoan Retreat

The number of Stevenson lovers, who gladly welcome any personal details of their demi-god, no matter how personal and intimate, should be amply satisfied with *Letters from Samoa* (Methuen: 6*s.*), in which Mrs. M. I. Stevenson, the fond mother of the great writer, sets forth the story of the departure from England in 1890 for the South Sea Island, which was to become their home, and also of their life in far-off Samoa. We print on this page a picture of Vailima, the Samoan home of the Stevensons, which gives a sufficient idea of the beauties of the site selected for the author's declining days, and which Mrs. Stevenson describes as follows:—

> This house stands on a sort of plateau, which has been cleared of all save a few very fine tall trees, through which we look out to the north over the blue Pacific Ocean.
>
> Beyond the cottage there is a lime and citron hedge, and behind that again the thick tropical bush, so restfully dark and leafy in this blaze of sunshine; and if you were to step on to the verandah and look to the west, you would see the high mountain under whose shelter we nestle, wooded to the very top, a mass of living green, magnificently verdant. To the south of the house only forest, undulating unending forest, is to be seen.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Great Egg Theory

Gemino ab ovo — "from a genuine egg," as Jones Minor so aptly renders it—we trace the origin of the Trojan war. The *Daily Mail* has discovered that the sudden improvement in the Cambridge crew is due to their having eaten forty eggs for breakfast. Is the controversy thus roused fated to last for ten years? Mr. Eustace Miles will surely rush to arms to defend his beloved nut foods, and enthusiasts will not be slow in demonstrating that if eggs for breakfast can knock 22 secs. off record, Gorgonzola, under similar conditions, will reduce it by half a minute. And is the rowing man to have a monopoly of the new-laid virtues, or shall we see the cricket elevens of the future fed on a diet of ducks' eggs? Moreover, even if victory is mainly due to diet, may not medicine claim its share of credit? I look forward to reading, after Henley, that Kelly's latest success was attributable to one of Dr. Boanerges' Blue Boluses (or is it Boli?) for Blundering Boatmen. But I wonder whether the forty eggs really deserve Jones Minor's epithet. I smell a shop'un — I mean, a rat—and notwithstanding the *Daily Mail's* graphic description of the Bourne End hens, I cannot help suspecting that their correspondent, or his informant, really found the eggs in a mare's nest.

The Calcutta Cup: A Topsy-Turvy Result

England has beaten Scotland at Rugger by 3 tries to 1, and the West is at length justified of her children. But all the same, the fact that one Westerner chosen, Jago to wit, was unable to play, was a blessing in disguise for England, for Stoop, who took his place, was at his best, and there is not a better half in England than Stoop at his best. He is a genius—or, as the late "Jimmy" Budd used to say, "a class player"—like Raphael, who also, it is satisfactory to note, quite justified his selection, though I do not share the belief that the wing is his place. He is hardly fast enough for that position, and his dodging and feinting, and the way in which he varies his game, are more useful in the centre. It seemed to be the general opinion that Stoop would fail as a scrum half, but seeing that when he and Munro played together for Oxford they took the scrum alternately, there was no ground for this. Another player who justified his selection was Birkett, and, in fact, all the English backs did well, though Jackett was a little bit unsafe at starting. The Scotch backs, on the other hand, with the possible exception of Munro, had nearly as bad an off day as they had against Wales. The result of this, the last of the Internationals, leaves Wales and Ireland with two wins each, and England and Scotland with one each. Wales has beaten England, England has beaten

Photo *Saunders and Crowhurst*

The Cambridge Crew

G. D. Cochrane (Third Trinity) (bow); 2, J. H. F. Benham (Jesus); 3, H. M. Goldsmith (Jesus); 4, M. Donaldson (First Trinity); 5, B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity); 6, R. V. Powell (Third Trinity); 7, E. W. Powell (Third Trinity); D. C. R. Stuart (Trinity Hall) (stroke); T. More (Caius) (cox)

Scotland, Scotland has beaten Ireland, and Ireland has beaten Wales: and there you are!

Booing at Blackheath

If the high officials of the Rugby Union would only devote their energies to revising the laws of the game instead of issuing peevish manifestoes to the public schools, they might reasonably hope to raise Rugby football from the low level to which their own maladministration has brought it. A good illustration of the futility of the game, as a game, under existing conditions was afforded by the London Welsh *v.* Blackheath match on Saturday. With both sides playing a bit "jealous," two or three attempts had generally to be made before the ball could be got fairly into the scrum, penalties were plentiful, and, with one thing and another, the whistle was going like a foghorn on the Dogger Bank. It is hardly to be wondered at that the crowd became impatient, and, according to its wont, hooted at the referee. But the referee performed a most difficult task with infinite credit, although he may not have noticed everything, or been right every time. For one man to referee a match correctly, with the laws in their present delightful state of jumble, is a mental and physical impossibility.

The London Welsh Still to the Fore

Of the game itself there is little to be said. The seven Blackheath forwards quite held their own against the Welsh eight, and the extra back was useful in defence, but the attacking power of the Blackheath backs was virtually nil. Their passing was of the slow, standstill order, with plenty of fumbling into the bargain. It was one of these fumbles which led up to the first Welsh try by J. F. Williams; while in the case of the second, Maddocks nipped in, intercepted a slow lobbing pass, and ran some distance before handing the ball on to Jenkins for a certain score. Then came Blackheath's try, as the result of a loose rush by the forwards and a clever pick-up by Priday, who ran until tackled by Davies and then passed to Hill. The Welshmen's third try, early in the second half, was a lucky one, for Cooper had apparently made his mark, but he was bowled over without the mark being given, and from the scramble which ensued an easy score resulted. The remainder of the game was slightly in favour of the Welsh, and there was a well-placed penalty goal to Robson.

The Oxford Crew

G. M. Graham (New) (bow); 2, C. H. Illingworth (Pembroke); 3, J. Dewar (New); 4, L. E. Jones (Balliol); 5, A. G. Kirby (Magdalen); 6, E. P. Evans (University); 7, A. C. Gladstone (Christ Church); H. C. Bucknall (Merton) (stroke); L. P. Stedall (Merton) (cox)

London Cup and Other Soccer Matches

The Casuals have struck a streak of bad luck lately, and on Saturday they were beaten in the semi-final of the London Cup by Dulwich Hamlet by 1—0, the reverse being largely due to the fact that they lost E. S. Ward in the first half. He was badly fouled by T. C. Smith, the Dulwich back, and sustained a fractured collar-bone, while Smith sustained a reprimand from the referee, which was thoroughly well deserved. The Dulwich goal was the outcome of a corner well placed by Rose, the ball being headed in by H. Buck, after about half an hour's play, and although Bryant did the work of two forwards, the Casuals were seriously handicapped by the loss of Ward. Dulwich, as the event proved, were wise enough in devoting themselves mainly to defence, and managed to maintain their lead to the end. For the Casuals, Morgan-Owen, Pollok-Hodsoll, and King were excellent in defence, while of the winners, S. R. Buck, Beales, and Knight were the pick. In the other tie the New Crusaders did well to beat the Old Malvernians by 4—1, while in the outstanding semi-final of the Dunn Cup the Old Carthusians just got home against the Old Aldenhamians by 1—0. At Queen's Club the Corinthians, though by no means at full strength, led Northampton by 3—1 at half-time, and finally beat them by 5—2. The game was saved from mediocrity by the good play of S. S. Harris and Wright.

Hockey

While Scotland, owing to the failure of their forwards in front of goal, were having an extremely anxious time in their Soccer International against Ireland, the English hockey team also found the task of beating Ireland in Dublin quite hard enough. Good judges affirm that Gotto, who shot the first goal for Ireland, is one of the finest players ever seen. The second half (Logan having equalised just before half-time) was especially exciting; shots at both ends were plentiful, and some time elapsed before Logan got through again. England's gain was Hampstead's loss, and the crack club, without its two best forwards, went down to the Hawks (6—4). Staines were in their most irresistible form against Kew, but the younger club, although their backs had a terribly warm time of it, were not overrun to the extent which the score (5—0) indicates.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE BALL QUESTION IN THE LAW COURTS

Another stage has been reached in the case between the Haskell Company and the makers of the "Kite" and allied balls. It will be remembered that Mr. Justice Buckley decided in favour of Messrs. Hutchison, Main and Company, and upheld the view that their ball constituted no infringement of the patent claimed by the Haskell Company. This decision has now been confirmed by the Court of Appeal, consisting of the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Romer and Cozens-Hardy. Whether the case will be taken still further to the House of Lords I know not, but for the moment we may take it as law that the Haskell ball is no novelty, and that it had none of the elements about it which go to the making of a sound and unassailable patent.

* * *

An Old Golfer's Point of View

It is not for me to go into the legal subtleties involved in the case, but I take it that on the broader aspects involved it is permissible to make some comments, such as suggest themselves to the mind of a golfer with about thirty years' experience of the game. The decision does not square with that experience, and seems to the average lay mind to be curiously at variance with the facts as they present themselves to the view of the impartial golfer of old standing. I am not arguing at present whether golfers should rejoice or not at the fact that a monopoly claimed by one Company should be upset by the law; to a great many golfers, it would seem an undoubted boon to them that such a monopoly should be destroyed, for they naturally hope that the usual result of competition will follow, viz., a cheapening of the article which has been the subject of controversy. That element of the case, undoubtedly at first sight, seems to involve considerable possibilities in favour of the player as regards expense, though, privately, I have grave doubts whether we shall be able to secure our golf balls much, if at all, cheaper than formerly.

* * *

The Real Aspect of the Case

The aspect of the case which strikes me as the most important one is the serious discouragement which it must entail on all inventors, whether of golf balls or any other marketable commodity Here we have a ball invented by an American which entirely revolutionised the game of golf, and drove the ordinary golf ball completely off the market. As the motor-omnibus is to the ordinary horsed variety, so was the Haskell ball to the gutty. That point is not disputed by anyone. To every golfer the Haskell ball came as a pure novelty, and was at first looked at with considerable suspicion, much in the same way as the Eclipse ball. But whereas, from its inherent defects, the Eclipse ball failed, the Haskell ball, by its excellent qualities, succeeded, and proved itself no mere cranky invention, but a sound marketable practical advance on any ball which had up to the time of its advent been tried or played with. In spite of this, we have two Courts deciding that the patent for this ball is not valid on account of prior usage, and because the common knowledge of the elements constituting the ball forbids its being a proper subject for a patent. The evidence on the first point turned on the assertions of Captain Duncan Stewart and George Fernie that they had made balls some thirty years ago on the same lines as the Haskell ball, while on the second point the evidence of makers of toy balls involving cores and threads of rubber was sufficient to incline the legal balance against the Haskell Company. During the course of the trial, I heard one learned counsel argue that Captain Stewart's ball had a good market until the Eclipse ball came along.

* * *

Eclipse v. Gutty

Well, I remember the advent of the Eclipse ball perfectly well, and the only ball with which it competed was the ordinary gutty ball. It was the latter ball that maintained its market, and disposed of the Eclipse ball, but I never heard of any other ball having a market beside these two at the time when I began playing golf. I have not the least doubt that Captain Stewart experimented with balls, and produced one or two varieties tending towards the lines of the Haskell ball, but it is quite evident that he never produced a practical ball which commended itself in any way to golfers. I asked a club and ball maker at St. Andrews last year whether he had ever known or heard of a cored ball, and he told me that the only case he knew of was that of a ball with a cork core which he had made as an experiment in answer to an appeal from some players who wanted a ball which would not sink as they played on a course abounding in water hazards. The ball was a failure, and he knew of no other case in his experience. He is the head of a firm of long standing, and it is inconceivable that he should not have known of a cored and rubber ball, if such a ball had been ever in use. It seems to me that the man who succeeds in making a practical invention where others have tried and failed, should not be deprived of the fruits of his industry and ingenuity because of those earlier faulty attempts on the part of less skilful inventors.

It is on these grounds that I look upon the decision of the Appeal Court as a serious blow to all inventors. My sympathy is entirely with the Haskell Company, and I trust they will take their case to the highest Court in the land. ERNEST LEHMANN.

"Hindley," Mr. G. F. Buxton's Chestnut Stallion
Winner of a King's Premium, in Class A

"Splasher," Mr. F. A. Rickaby's four-year-old Chestnut Gelding
Who stood reserve to "King Edward" for the Championship

Thoroughbreds and Hunters at Islington

While the horse-breeders of France, Germany, and other countries abroad, are assisted by the State to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds annually, a long succession of English Governments have been content to allow our horse-breeding industry to develop almost solely by the aid of private enterprise. A sum of £4,200 is all that is expended annually out of the public funds to induce the farmers of the country to breed serviceable half-bred stock. Under these conditions, can it be wondered at that we should have to seek abroad for our Army horses when the emergency arises? The Royal Commission on Horse Breeding has the handling of that totally inadequate £4,200, and certainly does the best that can be done with it by presenting twenty-eight King's premiums of £150 each for thorough-bred stallions to serve half-bred mares at cheap rates. These premiums were awarded last week at the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show at Islington, and many horses well known on the Turf were among the 107 stallions competing for them. The hunter section of the Show was up to the average, and a very charming horse of the true Leicestershire type was made champion of the riding classes in Mr. John Drage's Irish-bred King Edward.

"Wales," Lord Middleton's Chestnut Stallion
Who again won a King's Premium for the Yorkshire district

"King Edward," Mr. John Drage's Chestnut Gelding
The Champion Hunter of the Show

Ladies' Hockey: England v. Ireland

The English team

STANDING: Miss Theed, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss I. Carroll, Miss Green, Miss Mack, Miss Thomas
SITTING: Miss Rodger, Miss Pennycuick, Miss Johnstone (Captain), Miss K. Green, Miss Hanison

Strengthened and refreshed by the knowledge that, when they played and beat Scotland at Richmond on the 12th by 4—1, the *Daily Mail* had been graciously pleased to approve of their costumes—and yet without going to the length of adopting its suggestion that they should wear bloomers—the English International Hockey team won their match against Ireland on the 15th at Sydney Parade, Dublin, by 2—0. The fact that only about half the team originally chosen were able to make the journey, and that no fewer than five reserves had to be called upon, did not materially affect the strength of the side, for England has such a wealth of good players just now that the difficulty is not so much to know whom to put in as whom to leave out, and the team that did duty against Ireland was little, if at all, inferior to that which so easily beat Scotland, except perhaps in the matter of attack. The Irish team played as originally selected. The day was by no means a favourable one for the game, for the weather was showery, and there was a strong wind, which England had to face during the first half. Curiously enough, they did best when labouring under this disadvantage, and goals were scored by Miss K. Rodger and Miss Theed. After change of ends the Irish team were better together, and their forwards had numerous chances; but their play in front of goal was not quite up to the mark. Moreover, as in the Scottish match, the English defence was particularly clever, and in this way England were able to keep, though not to add to, their two goals lead until the end.

Photos] **The Irish team** *[Topical Agency*

STANDING: Miss O'Keiffe, Miss M. McClelland, Miss I. Macaulay, Miss A. M. Stack, Miss K. O'Flaherty, Miss E. B. Knox
SITTING: Miss N. Beresford Knox, Miss E. Sargent, Miss G. Parr, Miss B. Mitchell, Miss B. Smyth

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In the above scene, Sir John, the husband, gets his first schooling. The more he stamps, the more his wife defies him, going so far even as to pull the cloth off the table and smash the crockery

Photos] LADY SPEAKILL (*Miss Dolores Drummond*): "Lady Airish saw him kissing you" [*Foulsham and Banfield*
CLARISSA (*Miss Dorothy Minto*): "Did she?"

Miss Minto gives a very piquant performance of Clarissa Huntleigh, the little English girl who is carried off by the rather extravagantly drawn character, the Prince of Assam. She is quite a match for Lady Speakill, whose character may be gauged from her allegorical name

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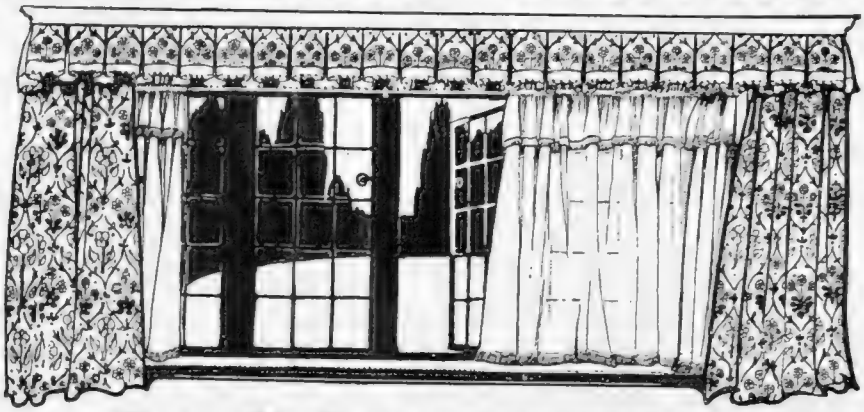

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

En cas have put in an exceptionally early appearance this season. The first impetus arrived during that short spell of fine weather that occurred the early part of the month, since when, the very slightest provocation has sufficed to warrant their appearance. A striped bordered *en cas* appears to have caught the prevailing taste, the stripes either in tone with the body of the silk or carried out in some contrast. It may, perhaps, be recalled how, at the commencement of the Riviera season, attention was called in these columns to a red silk *en cas*, with parti-coloured striped border, a fastidious development of the umbrella carried by the Italian fruit-sellers, that was brought out by Messrs. Briggs and Sons, of St. James's Street. From the first this departure delighted me, nor did it take much intuition to perceive a certain following up of the idea.

A stylish practical hat

Of emerald-green chip, trimmed velvet of the same shade, and a handsome ostrich feather. For wearing with a tailor-made gown

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Wood handles, fancifully carved into the semblance of beasts and birds, continue to hold a first place, although, as might have been easily surmised by the development of the coloured crystal necklace, the crystal top claims an appreciable share of recognition. A crystal ball *appliqué* with gold has an attractive appearance, but the time has been all too short as yet to plumb the full depths of the doings in the *en cas* and parasol world. Probably, next week I shall be better primed, as I have in view a visit to Messrs. Shoolbred, a house big with fame in the matter.

Aquascutum

There is one cry that never ceases to go up to the gods that govern modistic things the year through, and that is for the practical well-made knockabout tailor suit. Always a primary need, this has positively leaped into overwhelming importance since motoring has been added to our daily avocations. Any house within fifty miles driving radius of London may count on being full from Saturday to Monday with neat tailor-clad women on motoring intent. So, small wonder is it the Aquascutum firm, at 100, Regent Street, are carrying all before them with their capital workmanlike coats and ideal costumes. The demand for "tailor-mades" has led them to put forth the best of their talent, and no effort is being spared to turn out the most attractive work. As is ever the way with these studiously severe suits, scarcely secondary in importance to the cut and workmanship is the cloth. And here, of course, the Aquascutum Company excel beyond all protest.

They wait on the order of no decree, but design, create, and reserve to their own exclusive services, cloths that stand supreme, both in point of taste and wholly waterproof quality. Following up a successful lead of last season, green, of a more or less subdued *nuance*, and Lovat colourings, form the prevailing notes of colour, and the Aquascutum people hold a special diploma for producing unique effects. The waterproofing of the yarn prior to the weaving has apparently no influence other than the one desired. Their new tropical weight quality of cloth is really remarkable, and will bring about a drastic change of things among Indian and Colonials generally, for it is thinner than flannel, and faces torrential rains with impunity.

Quite recently, and in response to a large demand, a juvenile department has been opened, workmanlike little coats and costumes, built on the lines of those destined for adults, being offered at temptingly low rates. But the prices throughout are worthy of record, coats commencing at £3 15*s*., and costumes at five guineas.

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LADIES' LINGERIE

LOUVET Freres, *Proprietors.*

O. BOYER, *Director, formerly of New York.*

A Study in Colour

If you would see it you must go to the Scala Theatre and welcome Miss Jessie Millward back in *The School for Husbands* (some illustrations of which will be found on page 604). Whatever the merits of the piece, it is sumptuously presented and dressed. For the latter, the best encouragement was received by the locating of the play to the period of 1750, or thereabouts, when full, bunched-up skirts over contrasting petticoats, ribbon-laced stomachers, and picturesque hats with frilled caps beneath, were in vogue.

In point of genuine correctness, Miss Dorothy Minto carries off the sartorial prize. With the exception of a dark brown petticoat, worn beneath a sacque of chestnut satin, Clarissa's dresses throughout are undisturbed harmonies: the first a Parma violet, then a daffodil yellow, while the dressing of her hair, in draped plaits over the ears, is quaint beyond describing, and most becoming. Both she and Miss Millward exploit the above-mentioned *chapeau* with the picturesque cap frill. In the case of Miss Millward, this piece of headgear takes the form of a veritable flop in rose du Barri satin, strained tightly over, as is now the fancy, the frill of muslin and lace detaching itself at the back and falling over the hair, which is dressed in long curls; this rose hat and a reticule of velvet in the same colour, hanging from long cords over the arm, finding a perfect foil in a semi-fitting dress of imperceptible pink *mousseline*, embroidered in gold.

In the first act, Miss Millward wears a sweet frock of pastel mauve satin, lined pale blue, bunched over a petticoat of ivory muslin very *frou-frou* at the hem, with frills of the same and *appliqué* with wreaths of roses and blue bows, which is changed, in the second act, for a regal pale blue satin, embroidered in silver, the over-dress flowing back, *tablier*-wise, to reveal a lining of shell pink. Although this is an effective dress enough, it strikes an air of modernity, as does the evening toilette in the third act, though this last—a confection of silver tissue and lace embroidered in silver—is especially becoming to Miss Millward, who wears a *coiffure poudré*.

Paisley Patterns

A penchant about which there can be no mistake prevails for Paisley patterned materials. On *foulards* and soft silks, widely distributed *motifs* comprise the leading fancy, in the correct colourings, and largely in the approved pine design. At present, the general appearance to me is somewhat garish, but probably familiarity will counteract that impression, aided by the skill of the experienced *couturière*. On the other hand, I find nothing but praise for the new *moiré*, or watered silks, soft finished, and yet boasting a certain firmness of texture, that portends great and good things for the simple style of gown.

Also exacting the earliest recognition are some stripe-bordered silks, woven double width, for the convenience of the skirt, and which my prophetic instinct perceives arranged with a slightly full skirt, just resting on the ground, and picturesque fichu bodice, whereon the striped border plays a distinctly conspicuous rôle, set out over *bouffant* sleeves of *mousseline* and lace. *Chêne* and *pompadour* silks, moreover, are to claim attention, but it is most improbable they will secure anything like the attention bestowed on *moirés*, Paisley-patterned fancies, and the applauded stripe borders.

A Luncheon Menu

Hors d'Œuvre
Fish Quenelles
Fillet of Beef à la Mirabeau
Stewed Pigeons, with Chicory
Salad
Omelette Soufflé (Hot)
Cheese Coffee

Fish Quenelles

Remove all skin and bones from a piece of cold turbot, pound about 5 oz. in a mortar till fine. Put the bones in a saucepan with a little water, a small onion, pepper, and salt, to make stock. When sufficiently done, strain it, and when cool soak into it 2 oz. of breadcrumbs; squeeze it out, stir over the fire in a small pan till dry, without burning; turn it into a basin, and beat into it the yolk of an egg. When cold, mix the fish into it, add a piece of butter, salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg, and one whole egg. Shape the mixture into ovals like eggs with two tablespoons, and poach them in boiling water. Sauce can be served with them if preferred.

Fillet of Beef à la Mirabeau

Take 1 lb. of fillet of beef, broil it nicely, but not too much. Have in readiness some maître d'hôtel butter made thus: 3 oz. butter, one dessertspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and a little pepper and salt to taste; work all these ingredients into a pat, and let it get cold. After broiling the fillet, place a piece of maître d'hôtel butter as big as a walnut on the top, and garnish round with six filleted anchovies, eight olives, and bunches of watercress arranged alternately.

Stewed Pigeons, with Chicory

Take three or four Bordeaux pigeons and put them in a sauté-pan with 1 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of minced bacon; season with salt and pepper, and cook them over a quick fire long enough to brown nicely the pigeons; moisten with a gill of gravy, cover the pan and cook the birds in the oven for half an hour, or a little longer. Wash a bundle of chicory, and cook them till tender in plenty of salted water, containing a tablespoonful of flour and some lemon-juice. When done, drain them, and re-heat in a little butter, season with a little pepper and finely chopped parsley. Untruss the pigeons, and cut them up into neat joints. Dress them in the centre of a large entrée dish, and strain over the sauce, previously freed from fat. Arrange the chicory neatly round the pigeons, and serve hot.

Omelette Soufflé (hot)

Four yolks of eggs, five whites, 3 oz. castor sugar, and flavouring to taste. Beat up the yolks with the castor sugar till very light, and add a little vanilla essence or any flavouring to taste. Whip the whites of the eggs till stiff enough to cut in half with a knife, then mix them in with the yolks. Have ready a well-buttered pie-dish, pour the mixture into this, and put it into a moderate oven for ten minutes. Dust with sugar, and serve at once.

EMILIA.

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But, after all, we must remember that overwork without recuperation soon kills.
We need more than ordinary food to satisfy the cravings of overtaxed nerves.
And when the blood is reinforced by "Wincarnis," work becomes a pleasure, sleep refreshing, and exercise delightful.

Over 8,000 distinguished physicians have testified to the merits of "Wincarnis."
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"Wincarnis" is a boon to the dyspeptic; it is digested and absorbed instanter.
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A GREAT NERVE TONIC.

November 8th, 1905.

Gentlemen,—I shall be glad to have "Wincarnis," as per enclosed. Have ordered it for my patients for many years, and my wife is taking it at this present time. It is a valuable preparation.—Yours faithfully,
T. A. R——, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

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Rugby Football: A Rot that Wants Stopping

A Fillip Needed

The belief that something is needed in order to give a fillip to Rugby football in England would seem, to judge from what one reads and hears, to be gaining ground every day. Everyone has his own ideas as to why the standard of play in Rugby football is so low just now, but the chief (though not necessarily the only) explanation of this is to be found in the apathy displayed both by the clubs and their supporters in the ordinary Saturday afternoon games. The plain truth appears to be that, in London and the South, the ordinary club game has ceased to satisfy; it has grown old, and has lost the attractions of its youth and even of its middle age. There are but a few clubs which can depend upon their best men turning out for them with fair regularity throughout the season, and the result is a succession of scratch teams which play from week to week with widely varying fortunes. The raggedness apparent in the early weeks of October is still there at the end of February, by which time the crowd of onlookers, hopeful at first, has dwindled away to a mere handful. It is a pity, because where a game is played simply for its own sake you get the purest form of sport, but the purity of the sport won't atone for its tameness where that tameness is obviously the outcome of lethargy and want of *esprit de corps*. In short, football of this kind is no sport at all. It is a mere prostitution of the game to the needs of a certain number of young men for some form of exercise.

A Plan for Stopping the Rot

These things being so, something is evidently needed to invest these encounters with a greater reality and a greater interest. There must be something more to be fought for and gained than the bare record of a result, and the memory of a pleasant afternoon. And for this purpose why not take a leaf out of the Association book, and apply the League system to Metropolitan Rugby football? There is no professionalism in Rugby, and therefore the fundamental unreality of professional League matches—the fact that the teams merely consist of hirelings, unconnected as a rule (except by contract) with the localities which they represent—would be absent. The nucleus of a London or Southern League would consist of "Old Boy" teams—representative in every sense of the word—while in the case of other clubs, some restriction could easily be placed upon importation of a too catholic nature. There would be but little change at the start in the existing fixture lists. Some competent authority could be appointed to divide the clubs into two or three divisions at the outset, and the clubs in each division would play home-and-home matches with each other, much as heretofore, but with a direct object in view. One excellent result of this would be the breaking down of the artificial barrier which protects the so-called first-class clubs from defeat by teams in the second flight which are prevented from showing what they can really do by the difficulty of arranging fixtures with their (reputedly) more powerful rivals. In a word, the scheme, properly carried out, would foster the competitive spirit, and stimulate public interest. And the result, in course of time, would be that Rugby football would be a good deal better played than it now is. This opinion may, or may not, be sound, but at any rate THE BYSTANDER is prepared to back it by the offer of a challenge trophy or trophies, to be competed for on the lines above indicated, and is open to negotiate with any responsible person or body corporate that is prepared to take the matter up and communicate with the Editor. H. S. SCRIVENER.

BRIDGE: By PROBLEMATICUS

Women, and Bridge, and Prattle

I am one of the few men left who have no objection, conscientious or otherwise, against women playing Bridge. I do not even object to them as partners. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that there are at least three ladies of my acquaintance with any one of whom as a partner I will cheerfully take on the crack pair of any London, country, or Continental club. I trust that this will not be mistaken for modesty on my part. But I have the strongest objection to the woman who prattles at the Bridge table. She is not rare. It is not her pretty, harmless prattle I dislike, but the effect that that pretty, harmless prattle has on my play; it is worse than the grousing of the grouser. The grouser only grouses at the end of a hand; the prattler prattles all through it. When I am trying all I know to screw the odd trick out of a light no-trumper, I need all the resources of watchfulness and concentration I can command. The prattle robs me of these resources; my nerves get jagged; I cannot draw all the inferences; and I lose that *flair*, by which on my day I divine in which hand lies the card, or cards, which will beat me if I give it the chance.

Playing Spades

The majority of good players are beginning to kick freely against the practice of not playing the hands when spades are declared. Practically the only defence of the practice is that it originated in an American clique, keener on gambling than on Bridge, in the year 1903. It is entirely contrary to the first principles of the game. It induces the declarer to make foolish declarations rather than throw up a quite moderate, not to say poor, hand; it induces his opponents to double without real justification rather than throw up a moderate hand. The people—mostly impatient women—who uphold it, fondly assert that it makes the game quicker. It does nothing of the kind; it lengthens it. Often and often a spade declaration would have brought you, had the hand been played, to six or fourteen, from which useful point at your next you would have gone out. The hand is not played; your score sticks at two or twelve; and at your next deal you only reach twenty-eight. Consequently, at least one extra hand is played in the game, and the game is prolonged. There is, or should be, as much interest in the struggle to make three tricks in spades as three tricks in no-trumps. I take it that the Spade Convention would have been abolished six months ago from all but the homes of the very rich and gamblesome, were it not for fear of the grouser. Every time only the odd trick was scored in spades, he would moan, "We could have got as far as this without wasting time playing the hand at all." The grouser, whom by the way we have always with us, is always deeply pained by any change for the better.

Colonial Solutions

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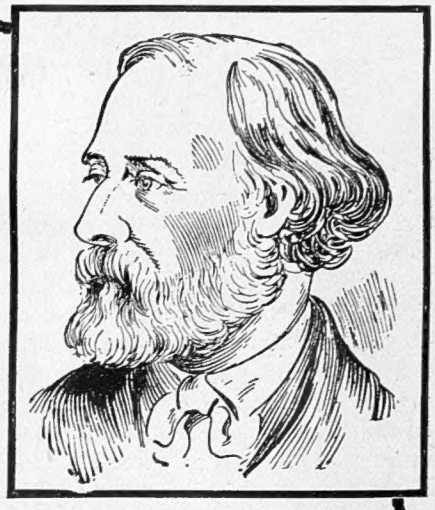
A Modern Tantalus.

"I once travelled from London to Manchester with an inveterate smoker, who had neglected to provide himself with lucifers, and was unable to supply his want during the entire journey. The melancholy of his visage as he regarded his pipe and tobacco impressed me deeply. Never before did I realise how great a misery is near but unapproachable happiness."—*Charles Reade.*



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MADE IN TWO STRENGTHS.

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Medium - 4½d.
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an admirable blend of the choicest tobaccos.

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will forward TESTING SAMPLES post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

There's pleasure in using
a soap that lathers freely, scents and soothes and refreshes the skin. Such a soap is

GIBBS' Shaving Soap.

Can be had in sticks, in two sizes, or in cakes.
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TRY IT YOURSELF!
DON'T TAKE OUR WORD!

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The Best Natural Aperient Mineral Water.

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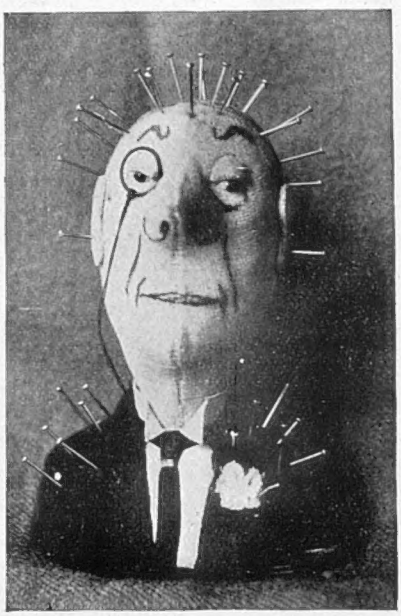
A Woman's Note Book

THE ANTI-DOCTOR MOVEMENT

Human nature is beginning to revolt at what, with some show of reason, it calls "that modern tyrant" —the doctor; for it is a fact, and rather a sad one, that doctors have got the upper hand of us in these days; that when we are ill, we go through medicinal tortures, and when we are well, we endure a preventive system hardly less wearisome and painful. In the good old-fashioned times we recovered or died in a sturdier manner; and, so far as I know, there is no evidence to prove that we did the dying any earlier, or with less necessity. If our parents felt well, they concluded they *were* well, and did not probe for some deep-seated disease, or worry their lives out about microbes habited in each speck of dust on their carpets. The truth of it is, we are all become faddists, and the doctors are the very worst ones. Their "bringing-up" theories are preposterous, and their rule of conduct for adults in sound health still more absurd; for surely the various occupations of life demand that we should be occasionally free from considerations of our physical condition if we are going to do anything at all but coddle ourselves.

Various Ways of Child-Training

Of course, there is a healthy way of bringing up children and an unhealthy one. Everybody knows that early hours, wholesome food, fresh air, and exercise are essentials, and to these I would add that sadly neglected quality, common-sense, and surely our ideal is attained. Modern methods, far from being really beneficial, are at the root of most of our fashionable nerves, hysteria, etc. If you think about your condition, moral or physical, says Goethe, you will generally find you are ill; and it is just this over-attention which produces half our breakdowns. Why, a child with nerves is no uncommon spectacle in these days. Our grandmothers would have considered, and rightly, that such a thing was a monstrosity. Women, too, are fearfully affected by this general unhealthy interest in health; and it is capable of becoming such a craze that it may leave them with neither time for, nor interest in, more important or more cheering occupations and reflections. Men, I admit, are, as a rule, free from such weakness; but, on the rare occasions when they *are* affected, they are worse than a dozen women. A household with a *malade imaginaire* of the male type is a melancholy place indeed.



The "Chamberlain" Pincushion (for female Free Fooders)

The above idea is "made in Germany," where Mr. Chamberlain is not popular. German ladies have found great satisfaction in subjecting the great Protectionist to a "policy of pin-pricks," which may give equal satisfaction to British Free-Trade needlewomen

Can One Believe the Doctor?

We might submit, with all the better grace, to our medical tyrants if we thought them always, or even generally, right; if we did not suspect that we were frequently the victims to mere fads and sometimes to chance experiment. But is it really worth while to worry our lives out about trifles, to live with the solitary plan of doing away with the most remote chances of an infection which we may encounter any day in train or omnibus? Is it satisfactory to take such care of frail health as renders us incapable of getting any enjoyment from the present in preparation of a robust future we may never reach? And then our faith is so shaken by "cures." One day it is a hot climate, another a cold, which is the invaluable physician for the same disease. This week we are told to eat, and next month are ordered to fast. Six months ago doctors were unanimous in declaring a liberal amount of food should be taken for most complaints, especially those of the nerves; now we hear of "cures" which consist of more than semi-starvation; probably in both cases the experimenters have gone to an extreme. Nature was the first doctor, and she tells me to eat when I am hungry, and I should be afraid too ruthlessly to disobey her. No, the only way to be healthy, as to be happy, is not to bother your head about it. I would not, of course, advocate that people who are absolutely suffering from any serious complaint should be so indifferent as not to attempt to have the disease cured or arrested.

The Strain of Underwork

But I do not think I am far wrong in saying that a third of those who throw themselves into the doctor's hands have either nothing the matter with them, or else something so slight that they could be their own best doctors, and it would rapidly depart under a common-sense, healthy mode of life. There is a curse known as overwork, but the most prolific source of illness is want of occupation. The worst of all this nonsense is that we are inculcating it into the impressionable minds of our children and training a race of professional invalids. There was a time when no illnesses were known in the average nursery, unless they were as obvious as measles; and to have been "the worst" of a family was a thing to be looked back upon with pride.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A PRACTICAL INVENTION

THAT DEVELOPS HAIR GROWTH.

Figure 1.

The above illustration of the Evans Vacuum Cap shows the manner of attachment. It takes but a minute to attach the apparatus to any ordinary chair.

The appliance is made by hand by skilled workmen. It is constructed of the best material obtainable, and will last almost indefinitely.

Each Cap is packed in a case about the size of an ordinary hat-box.

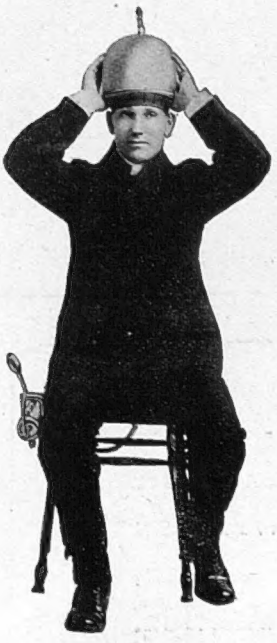


Figure 2.

To arrange the Cap for use, first unscrew the nickel nut at the top of the helmet. This admits of a free passage of air while the rubber-cushioned band is being adjusted.

WE contend that if there is anything that will actually produce a growth of hair, its virtue should first be satisfactorily proved in each individual case before any payment is made by the intending purchaser.

We have demonstrated beyond all question that in cases where the life principle is not absolutely destroyed, a reasonable use of our invention, the Evans Vacuum Cap, will develop a natural and permanent growth of hair, and we show our confidence in making this statement by supplying the apparatus on a sixty days' trial, wholly at the expense of our Company.

We do not wish it to be inferred from this that a complete restoration of the hair can be obtained within sixty days, but our experience shows that a sufficient growth of hair can be developed within this period to fully satisfy one as to the effectiveness of the method.

It is a means of obtaining a free and active circulation in the scalp without rubbing or causing irritation, and there are no chemicals or lotions employed.

The Cap is used three or four minutes each day, and requires only about ten days to make the scalp loose and pliable, which condition is absolutely essential to the life and growth of the hair—the hair cannot thrive in a tight and congested scalp.

The effects produced by the Vacuum are pleasant and exhilarating. It gives the scalp a delightful tingling sensation, and produces a healthy glow, which denotes the presence of renewed vitality.

Channels which have been practically dormant for years are stimulated, all follicle life is revived to activity, and by supplying the hair roots with nutrition each day in this way the weak, colourless hair is in time developed to its natural growth and strength.

OUR GUARANTEE.

We will send an Evans Vacuum Cap, carriage paid, and will allow sixty days to prove its virtue. As evidence of good faith we ask that you deposit the price of the Cap with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Co., of London, where it will remain pending the results of the trial period. This deposit is subject to your own order, and therefore should you not be convinced that the Cap will restore your hair, you can instruct the Deposit Company to return your money, which they will do promptly, and without question or comment.

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.,

REGENT HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.

When ordering, please cut out the order form here below, and forward the same, together with the amount, £8, to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, London, to whom all Cheques and Money Orders should be made payable.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company forward to us daily a list of all orders received, whereupon we immediately despatch the Evans Vacuum Cap to each applicant.

ORDER FORM.

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT & OFFICES CO. Ld.

63, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

DEAR SIRS,

I enclose herewith **£8** (Eight Pounds), the price of an Evans Vacuum Cap, to be sent to me at once by the Evans Vacuum Cap Company, prepaid, on 60 days' trial.

This deposit is to be held by you to my order during the period of 60 days from receipt thereof by you. At the expiration of that period, the money, if not previously withdrawn by me, is to be credited to the account of the Evans Vacuum Cap Company.

Yours faithfully,

Name _____

and _____

Address _____

Date _____

Figure 3.

The Cap is now ready to use; but before working the pump screw up the nut at the top of the helmet, which renders the Cap practically air-tight.

Figure 4.

The air is now pumped from the Cap, and the vacuum thus created encourages a free and normal circulation throughout the scalp. If a tingling, refreshing sensation of renewed circulation is experienced, and a healthy ruddy glow shows on the scalp's surface after the Cap has been removed, it is proof positive that Nature is still able to do its work, and that the Cap will restore your hair.

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., Regent House, Regent St., London, W.

The Editor's Box

A Successful "Smoker"

One of the most successful and enjoyable "Smokers" ever held in the famous Queen's Hall, Langham Place, was given by the representatives of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., on the 14th inst., this being the fourth annual "gathering of the clans" engaged in the famous whisky firm. So great was the galaxy of talent, that it seems almost invidious to single out any names as of special excellence. However, perhaps the most enjoyable item was that contributed by the ever-popular "Follies." Mr. Herbert Clifton gave some excellent imitations of well-known stage favourites, amongst others, of Miss Gertie Millar and Miss Madge Lessing. Chirgwin, the "white-eyed Kaffir," was present, and in fine form with his familiar wheezes. The Palace Girls (from the theatre of that name) were as *chic* as ever. Mr. Arthur Prince, the excellent nautical ventriloquist; Mr. J. P. Ling, the musical mimic; Mr. Alfred Lester, the clever comedian; "Leipzig," the magician; Mr. A. P. Hill's Marionettes, and Master Stanley Holloway, contributed their best to the enjoyment of a memorable evening. In the course of an amusing speech, Sir Thomas Dewar expressed his delight at so overwhelming a gathering, and prophesied that, instead of the Queen's Hall, the Albert Hall might have to be requisitioned in future years, if the firm's representatives and their friends continued to multiply in such increasing numbers.

"Sunripe" Cigarettes

We have received from Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Ltd., of Shoreditch, London, E., samples of their high-grade "Sunripe" cigarettes, made from the choicest golden leaves of Virginian tobacco. Messrs. Hill make three sizes, viz., "Club" size, "Standard," and "Petite," the latter being ladies', with cork tips. These cigarettes seem most excellent, and any of our readers who wish to sample them, may do so, free, by applying to Messrs. Hill at the address above given.

A Paper for Gardeners

Just now, when amateur gardeners are eagerly devouring everything connected with their pet hobby, they should certainly not omit to see our contemporary, *Garden Life*, which appeals especially to amateurs who are trying to beautify their gardens. The faults of most garden papers, it strikes one as an amateur gardener, is that they issue too lavish directions to the humble amateur. It is all very well to assure you that you can have a splendid crop of roses when you have done a hundred-and-one impossible tasks in perfecting the soil and so forth, but the ordinary humble aspirant to a pretty garden wants to know how he can make it so without competing for a first prize at every horticultural show. *Garden Life* tries to assist him in his more modest efforts, and, in the number before us, there is a specially interesting article on pruning roses, and many valuable hints and suggestions are given on the way to make a garden pretty without going to much expense.

A Novelty—Spanish Brandy

The number of prosecutions, of late years, under the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts, on account of adulteration of brandy in this country, has led many people to doubt whether a really genuine supply of this spirit is obtainable at all. It is doubly pleasant, in view of an auspicious forthcoming event, to be able to state that the emphatic negative of this proposition is supplied by Spain. Owing to a wise provision of the Spanish Inland Revenue Regulations, the distillers of genuine grape brandy in that country are protected from fraudulent competition by a prohibitive import duty which has been placed on all spirits not derived from the grape. As a consequence, this country has always maintained a high character for the quality of its wines, and in order to ensure delivery to the public of their brandy in its original condition, Messrs. Jimenez and Lamothe, the well-known brandy distillers at Malaga and Manzanares, have arranged for the importation of their brandy into the United Kingdom and Colonies in bottles under conditions which assure its entire and unquestionable purity. They give with each bottle an express guarantee that it is the unmodified product of the distillation of the fermented juice of the grape distilled in pot-stills in the same manner as Cognac brandies in the past, and that no colouring matter, flavourings, or essences have been employed in its manufacture. Having ourselves put Messrs. Jimenez and Lamothe's brandy to the test, we have no hesitation in testifying to the fact that its full flavour, finesse, and bouquet, is no whit inferior to the Cognac product. Our readers who are inclined to give Spanish brandy a trial should apply to Messrs. Jimenez and Lamothe, at 16, Jewry Street, E.C.

A Book of Celebrities

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish immediately a new volume of reminiscences entitled "Antoinette Sterling and Other Celebrities." The author is Mr. Sterling MacKinlay, who is the son of the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling, and he devotes a good share of his book to recollections of his mother. Mr. MacKinlay also has many personal reminiscences of other celebrities, not only of the musical world, but also of the world of literature and art. One of the most interesting portions of the volume deals with Manuel Garcia, who, notwithstanding his great age, has assisted the author with these chapters. Among the many illustrations will be a reproduction of Sargent's painting of Garcia at the age of one hundred.

Miss Maud MacCarthy

Miss Maud MacCarthy appeared at the Irish Concerts promoted by the Gaelic League of London, on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, at Covent Garden Opera House, at 3 and 8 p.m. Miss MacCarthy played selections of the most charming Irish airs, including "The Coulin." Her appearance excited considerable interest among lovers of Irish music in London.

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Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER, at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—MARCH 21, 1906.
Entered as second-class mail matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.